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# B & D BOYS

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## CHAPTER ONE

The waistband of Stan's white and tight-fitting gym shorts hugged the youth's stomach just below the belly button. The crotch of the shorts was bulged despite the fact that the concealed bulk of thick cock and balls was snugly contained by the elastic jockstrap. Muscled thighs filled the legs of the shorts, solid upper legs tapering beyond the knees to well-developed calves.

There was sweat on Stan's belly, glossing his chest, dampening his face. The young man was hardly aware of the sweat, his mind occupied on the sequence of his exercise. He was striving diligently for proper form. Exercise was an art.

There was a right way and a wrong way of doing it.

Stan worked hard on the right way.

Each lifting of the weight was done smoothly with no jerking, his legs firmly planted on the floor, his back straight. Stan's shirtless torso was a magnet for those admiring stares of people who could appreciate a near-perfect male specimen. Not all of the attention on Stan's rippled muscle, however, came from the people engaged in the gymnasium behind him, or from his own avid attention to the play of muscle along his pumping arms.

Stellan watched from the other side of the one-way mirror, watched from inside the soundproof room that Stan was unaware of.

Stellan was not alone in the room. Barry was with him.

Barry, however, couldn't see Stan on the other side of the mirror, because Barry was blindfolded.

Barry was also chained to a table, belly-down, his ankles and wrists secured by fur-lined restrainers. The youth's arms and legs were splayed, the firm young ass looking vulnerable. The crease of the ass was lined with a trailing of fine blond hairs that were plastered with sweat and lubricant to the inner curve of the buttocks.

The pucker of his asshole was yawned open, his rectum jabbed to a considerable depth by a rubber dildo. The dildo was held in place,

prevented from slipping free like a useless piece of shit, by a leather strap that encircled Barry's middle.

There was a silver ring which was on the other side strangling the base of Barry's large cock and healthy balls. Barry, aside from the leather, the cockring, the dildo, and the mask, was completely naked. His well-defined chest and muscular belly were pressed into the table. His stomach concealed the bulk of his erected and straining cock. His sculptured back and ass were streaked where the leather belt had landed and struck.

Stellan had whipped Barry good, really laid on the leather, warming Barry's ass for the goodies Stellan had plans of giving him. Stellan hadn't been worried when he had caused Barry to cry out with pain.

For Barry, the pain was only a supplement to the pleasure. That his grunts were often loud made little difference since Stellan was the only one who could hear them.

Stellan was dressed in faded jeans and boots. He'd fished his large cock and big balls out through the unbuttoned fly and had then refastened a couple of the buttons so that his cock and nuts were held secure. His cock was hard. It jutted outward and upward from his pants, the circumcised head a salmon color with the smearing of preseminal juices which had leaked from the gash of the meatus.

Stellan's belly and chest were naked, and anyone could tell that the man had spent more than his share of time in the workout room of the gymnasium he owned. Stellan had a strikingly handsome face, Nordic in appearance-blond hair and gray eyes.

Stellan delivered another whipping stroke of his belt to Barry's ass, the leather connecting with the naked skin with a loud slapping noise. Barry's body automatically responded, bucking reflexively on the table. The boy's hard belly mashed into the balls which the cockring kept compacted against the base of his cock. Barry groaned, marveling as he often did as to how he could maintain his erection even when his body was so beset by apparent agony.

"You love it, bastard, don't you?" Stellan asked.

The question was directed at Barry, but Stellan was watching Stan who was still exercising his biceps beyond the transparency of the separating



screen.

“I love it, sir,” Barry agreed, his voice coming out muffled through the mask.

Barry’s ass jerked in response to another well-placed lashing of Stellan’s belt. His asshole spasmed around the rubber dildo, contracting in an attempt to dislodge the foreign mass which was temporarily beyond dislodgement.

Stellan hit Barry again, watching as Stan relaxed after his sets of exercises. Stan had taken the two dumbbells with him where he soon began his sets of prone flies.

Stellan wondered again, as he had often done, about the possibilities of drafting Stan into their little group. Stan certainly had the potential. Still, Stellan hadn’t known Stan long, Stan having moved into town from California, and Stellan wanted to make damn sure he knew where Stan’s head was at before giving him access to this back room. But, it was admittedly damned hard to wait, seeing Stan’s exceptional body and wanting to get his hands on it; although, Stellan was sure it wasn’t so much his hands he wanted to get on Stan as it was to see Stan get his hands and cock on some of the young slaves brought into this back room.

Stellan would have been the first to admit that one of his biggest turn-ons was watching. That was why he was doubly horny now-watching Stan’s routine while he beat Barry’s chained body.

Stellan whipped Barry a couple more times in quick succession. It was never any good to keep to a consistent rhythm. A good master wanted to keep his slave apprehensive. Keep the bottom man guessing, that was the secret. You didn’t want your slave to do too much thinking. It was the master who did all of the thinking. A lot of the pleasure in a B & D relationship evolved around the fact that the bottom man surrendered all his rights to think to the man who controlled him.

Slave! Barry was Stellan’s slave. Bound as Barry was at that moment to the table, his cock and balls being unmercifully mashed beneath his own belly, Barry was owned by Stellan.

Stellan stopped whipping Barry’s ass, standing quietly and watching through his private little window into the gym beyond. When the people

came to sign up at the gym, Stellan always screened them carefully. He wasn't after any of those old farts who were out to trim forty pounds off their fallen butts and bellies. Stellan wanted people like himself to use the facilities of his gym, and he picked people who might someday graduate from using the equipment out front during the day to using the equipment in the back room after dark.

It was time Stellan quit fucking around with Barry and bring the present session to an ending.

The two had begun some time before the gym had even opened, and they'd played until the gym had been open now for almost an hour. Stellan liked to be out front when the place started to get crowded.

Stellan saw Rusty Cramer heading through the swinging doors for the lockers. Stellan had to spend some time with Rusty before the boy left. Doug Walker had opened the gym, but he could probably use a little help by now. It was time Stellan and Barry left the business in the back room and got into the business out in front.

"You ready to get fucked again?" Stellan asked, slipping his sweat-stained belt through the faded Levi loops of his pants. He'd already fucked Barry three times during this session: twice in the mouth and once in the butt; however, Stellan was sure he had at least one more good blasting inside of him.

One more eruption of cum, followed by a quick shower, and Stellan would feel like a new man.

"Yes, fuck me, sir," Barry said. "Please fuck me."

There was real sincerity in Barry's voice. He really did want to get fucked by Stellan. He'd passed the point where his protests were real ones. Oh, there had been a time in his life when he had struggled, when the pain had rivaled the pleasure for dominance inside of him. But those days were passed.

Barry had accepted himself for what he was, had accepted what turned him on for what it was. He had been admitted into the secret world of this back room, and he enjoyed every moment of it. He was actually a master now, even though he enjoyed playing slave with Stellan. Stellan, after all,

had brought Barry out. Stellan had been responsible for awakening those once-hidden feelings inside Barry's body.

Barry still liked to play bottom man to Stellan, and he could still occasionally persuade (like today) Stellan to take him on. Stellan preferred his slaves a little younger. How young had Barry been when Stellan had first picked the boy up off the street? That had been three years ago. Barry had been just fifteen.

Stellan, too, as he fastened the buckle on the belt of his pants, was remembering the early days of their relationship. Barry had been special, that was sure. It was just a shame they all had to get older.

Oh, Barry was still a hunky enough young stud. But it wasn't that Stellan liked effeminate boys. Hell, no! As a matter of fact, nothing turned him off to a youngster more than even a hint of girlish ways. Stellan just like the air of innocence, the aura of naivete a fifteen-year-old kid had. It was the forcing, the teaching, the coaxing which Stellan found so much of a turn-on.

Barry, at eighteen, could certainly not be called naive. Barry knew about as much in regard to the game playing aspects of B & D as Stellan did, and that was saying a hell of a lot since Stellan had been into the scene a good many years.

Stellan got on the table, positioning himself between Barry's splayed legs. He deftly unfastened the strip of leather running the length of Barry's ass-crack, paying particular attention to see that the rubber dildo remained stuffed completely up the boy's anus. The leather removed, Stellan twisted the dildo up Barry's butt, corkscrewing it so that the latex neck of the cock rubbed against his prostate. With his other hand, Stellan grabbed one of Barry's ass-cheeks and squeezed the hard but resilient flesh.

Barry groaned; but, Stellan could tell that the groaning was purely of pleasure.

"Beg me for it, bastard!" Stellan said, his one hand still twisting the rubber cock, his other hand still kneading Barry's ass as if the skin and the muscle were raw dough. "Tell me how much you're dying for the feel of my hard cock jabbed deep up your ass."

“Real bad,” Barry said. “I want your cock real bad. I want all of it inside of me, jammed up my butt to your balls, fucking my asshole raw, masturbating inside of me until you can’t hold on to your load any longer!”

Stellan remembered getting turned on when Barry had learned to use all the fancy rhetoric. There just seemed to have been a certain degree of intensity derived from hearing a, “Please, sir,” from a helplessly trussed fifteen-year-old. Maybe that was because the, “Please, sir,” mumbled by the innocent child instructed to beg for hard cock rammed inside of him could actually have been interpreted two ways: Please, yes, sir, cram your cock up my mouth or ass. Or: Please, no, sir; don’t hurt me, let me go. Still, what Stellan was doing wasn’t completely lacking in pleasure for himself. A man didn’t blast his nuts three times in a couple of hours without having some enjoyment. Stellan certainly enjoyed. It was just that the intensity could have been so much greater had Barry been fifteen years old instead of a mature eighteen.

“Sure as hell, you want it,” Stellan said. “You want it, and you’re damned well going to get it!”

Stellan scooted closer to Barry’s ass, his hands yanking open the buns to reveal the flat base of the latex cock. The rubber dick slipped an inch out of the asshole.

“You shit out that dildo before I tell you to, and, by God, I’m going to shit on you!”

Barry automatically fought to control those reflex spasms which were ready to drive the dildo out of his ass. If Stellan wanted that rubber cock to temporarily stay rammed up Barry’s ass, then that’s where he wanted it, too.

Stellan spit into the cupped palms of his hands. Normally he would have dry-fucked Barry’s ass, especially since there was already cum and lubricant sopping his asshole. However, for what Stellan had planned, Barry’s ass was going to need all of the lubrication it could get.

Stellan transferred his spit to his cock, spreading the mucus over the bulbous cockhead and all ten inches of his healthy male meat. Since the dildo up Barry’s ass kept the buns pretty well parted, Stellan didn’t need to force open the crack. He put his cock to the hole already plugged by the latex cock. The fingers of Stellan’s right hand guided his cock to the target,

felt the rubber of the protruding dildo base and positioned his cock to the point where the latex emerged from the asshole.

Stellan's pushed the plug of his cock into the hole which was already glutted with rubber. As he shoved, he held onto the rubber cock to make sure that he didn't push the dildo completely up the pit. Of course, the dildo base was flared to prevent just such a mishap; but, it was always best to be safe rather than sorry.

Barry grunted as the head of Stellan's cock finally managed to yawn his asshole wide enough to accept the new bulk. Barry had suddenly realized what Stellan was doing; and, while the whole thing was a tremendous turn-on, Barry also wondered if Stellan weren't out to attempt the impossible.

Barry knew the size of the dildo up his butt. If feeling its large girth and lengthy inches wasn't enough, he had seen it before. Stellan had fed it to him. Barry had also seen Stellan's cock. That piece of male cock was almost as big as the artificial cock. The idea of stuffing the flesh-and-blood cock in beside the latex one was enough to give Barry visions of his ass splitting from one end of its crease to the other. Yet, the hole had expanded for Stellan's cockhead.

Stellan proceeded to push the rest of his cock into the dildo-clogged hole. His concern was for his pleasure as much as Barry's, because he quickly realized the spit on his dick would evaporate soon; and, jamming a dry cock up a hole already plugged to near capacity would have likely resulted in that split ass Barry had envisioned.

Stellan drove his cock into the hole. Along the back of his cock he felt the spongy resilience of the latex dildo. The rubber luckily had the ability to give and to mold to the contours of the asshole and Stellan's cock. The two cocks were thus able to fit into a hole that might otherwise have been too small for the both of them.

This was more of the ecstasy Stellan had been looking for. Barry's grunts were tinged with actual discomfort now that Stellan was engaged in something he hadn't attempted before.

Since it had never been done, Barry couldn't help wondering whether or not he would survive it.



Barry's asshole was usually like driving cock into a specially designed rubber glove. Now, with the added stuffing of the latex cock, Stellan found the hole delightfully tight. The friction was almost great enough to chafe to rawness the hard shaft of his cock.

The cock moved in slowly, the asshole protesting with every inch that gained entrance into the rectum. Stellan's fingers grabbed the rubber-dick base, holding it secure as his real cock continued to jab in along the belly of its latex brother.

"It's too fucking big, Stellan!"

Swelling larger and larger, Stellan's cock had been shoved only to its halfway point. As quickly as Barry's words had exited his mouth, the young man knew it had been a mistake to utter them.

To begin with, if the cock was too big, it would be Stellan and not Barry who decided it. As if that weren't enough, Barry had addressed Stellan by his name. That was never permissible in a master-slave relationship. Mister, yes. Sir or master, more likely. But never by the first name.

The minute he had called Stellan by name, Barry had insinuated he was Stellan's peer; and that was a worse mistake. Barry's error had not passed unnoticed.

Stellan, who had been about to pause to add additional spit to the five inches of his cock still awaiting entrance to the boy's asshole, quickly decided he would do without. The kid needed a lesson in discipline, plus something to teach him a little humility.

"Did you say something, bastard?" Stellan asked between gritted teeth. He had begun an all-out effort, without lubricant, to get his cock shoved in to his balls, and he was finding the experience completely pleasurable. His cock didn't seem to be getting anywhere.

"I-I said I wanted it, sir," Barry answered.

Despite the flooding ache in his butt, the boy had quickly come to his senses.

"Funny," Stellan said, his booted toes pressing into the table for additional support, the weight of his body centering on Barry's asshole, "it didn't sound like that to me."

“I said, I want your cock, sir!” Barry moaned. “I said, I want your cock... your cock... your... cock.” His words were punctuated with helpless gasps of pure agony. He’d had his ass fist-fucked before, and there hadn’t been this much bulk wanting to get stuffed inside of him: Stellan’s cock was that big, the latex dildo was that large.

“You’re going to get it, fucking pansy slave!” Stellan promised, feeling his cock finally beginning to slide again.

“Please!” Barry mumbled, the word drawn out into a hiss as Stellan’s cock renewed its glide into him.

Now, that was more like it. That was the kind of pleading Stellan could appreciate: the begging to continue which could be interpreted as a wailing to stop.

“You want me to please go on?” Stellan queried, his cock inching inward. “Is that what you want, you cocksucking little bastard?!”

“Yes,” Barry said, his voice loud and rasping. “Jesus, fuck, yes!”

Once Stellan’s cock had begun, it was surprising just how fast it managed to complete its insertion. One minute, there were five inches to go; and the next, Stellan’s fat cock was in to the hilt up Barry’s spasming asshole. Even Stellan was surprised, wondering if he hadn’t actually split Barry’s ass.

If Barry’s ass wasn’t actually ripped, it sure as hell felt like it to Barry. The total anal opening was stretched tight and sore. The buns of Barry’s ass felt warm against Stellan’s belly, undoubtedly the result of the beating and the whipping. Stellan waited, pressed deep inside, knowing that the ass would soon relax enough for him to begin the strokings of his intended fuck.

“Oh, Jesus! Oh, Jesus!” Barry whimpered, forgetting everything except the searing pain consuming his ass and his guts.

Finally Stellan inched the cock out of the hole a little way, his fingers beneath his belly to make sure the dildo didn’t slip free. Stellan was aware that his cock was leaking a mess of preseminal juices to act as a balm to the ravaged anal tissues.

Since the cock had leaked similar gushings of lubricant on the way in, Stellan was convinced, now that he had made it this far, he would make it all the way to the erupting of his balls.

Stellan wished for a minute that the mask was off Barry's head. It would have been exhilarating to see the expression on Barry's face, see the pouting lips, the tearing eyes, the sweat, on the boy's nose and forehead.

Stellan yanked his cock out further, stopping at the halfway point before pushing his prick back again. Stellan's suspicions had been right: the insertions were getting easier, the cock coasted in now on the slick, translucent juices that smeared the anal lining.

The next withdrawal pulled the cock even further out than before. Stellan risked pulling all the way out to his spongy cockhead. After that, he began humping Barry's ass in a slow, steady rhythm, giving long, deep strokes, revolving his hips so that his grinding pelvis stirred his cock up the asshole like a pestle in a mortar.

Stellan felt the luxuriously sensuous slide of his prick up and down Barry's ass as he pushed and pulled the heavy cock up the hot asshole. Barry consciously willed his body to relax, excited by the sudden recall of his early days with Stellan in this very room.

"You like it, don't you, bastard?" Stellan asked, resting his body out on top of Barry's, his hips continuing to pump, his hand still making sure the dildo stayed anchored up Barry's ass. "Tell me how much you like it."

"Yes!" Barry answered. "It's like I like it. It's how I want it. Yes. Yes. Yes!"

This new experience, in its uniqueness, gave him initial pain but, as it progressed, the inevitable pleasure overpowered him. As if mere thoughts of being stuffed full of dildo and hard cock wouldn't have been enough to get Barry's juices to running, the reality was enough to make the boy hornier than hell. Even with the smashing of his cockringed balls beneath his belly, Barry's cock remained as solid as an oak.

This was what fucking was all about as far as Barry was concerned.

Stellan, continuing to pump, moved up higher over Barry's ass, shifting his lower body so that his cock continued to stir. He felt his cockhead ram

the boy's prostate and then ram it again. This was the best session Stellan had had with Barry in a long while. Still "Give it to me! Shove it to me!" Barry grunted.

Barry's hips had begun to rise to meet Stellan's cock thrustings. He couldn't seem to get enough of Stellan's cock. He wanted it all, wanted it stabbing his guts, penetrating his very being. When it was gone, pulled out to its head, Barry felt empty.

Stellan continued to ride, continued to pump. Suddenly he pulled out his cock, letting the suction of its withdrawal pull out five good inches of the rubber dildo. He grabbed the dildo and his cock at the same time. Although his fisted hand wasn't large enough, despite its size, to encircle the combined mass of cocks, it was still able to hold the rubber cock secure against the real one.

Stellan commenced fucking again. This time each up-and-down movement of his body fucked not one but two cocks up Barry's asshole: flesh and rubber. More and more this screw seemed like a fist-fuck or even an arm-fuck: the fist being huge, the arm belonging to a Goliath. Two cockheads battered Barry's prostate, and the boy felt his balls beginning to boil with cum. He felt himself riding high.

Stellan's fucking momentum increased, his pounding of Barry's body becoming more and more forceful. Each downward heave came with such violent force that it literally knocked the air out of Barry's body.

Stellan's eruption came fast, surprisingly fast, considering his nuts had already let go three times that morning. Still, it came with a rushing that Stellan recognized and welcomed. He surrendered to it, letting it take hold of him. His guts twisted, his belly went taut, followed by the stiffening of his body.

"I'm... going... to... fuck... you... to... death!" Stellan proclaimed as his explosion claimed him. His insides seemed to funnel downward to his groin; and suddenly, they were leaving him, running with his cum through his cock and outward into Barry's spasming ass.

The final downward heave of Stellan's body, the one which speared Barry's body with the exploding mass of thick cock, squashed Barry's nuts between his belly. The pain was excruciatingly pleasurable.

That sudden swell of agony, the sudden feel of Stellan's hot sperm up his butt, was the trigger that made Barry let go. Even while the last of Stellan's cum was still erupting hot in Barry's butt, Barry's sperm was letting go. It smeared his belly and the table with a pearly slime.

There was a buzzing in Barry's ears. Stellan wearily pulled his body free of Barry's ass, leaving the dildo partially in his asshole. He was looking forward to that shower, whirlpool and sauna. He went to the phone and picked up the receiver.

## CHAPTER TWO

It had actually been a spontaneous decision: leaving Barry chained to the table while Stellan went to the front desk to meet with David Burns. David was supposed to drop by that afternoon, but there had apparently been some sort of mix-up. Not that Stellan cared. Stellan's schedule was relatively flexible, and he was glad to see David any time.

The two of them had been roommates in college, later pledging the same jock-oriented fraternity. Stellan had really been excited by David's body on more than one occasion. However, nothing had ever come of Stellan's designs on his roomie. Why? Not even Stellan was sure. College turned out to be Stellan fucking and sucking everyone except David; and, David got sidetracked by an unhealthy (by Stellan's estimates) interest in cunt. Maybe it was David's straightness which had kept Stellan's hands on his own cock instead of reaching for David's. There was, of course, the undeniable fear that any of Stellan's advances might have been rebuffed by David with evident disgust.

Surprisingly enough, Stellan, despite his promiscuity, had somehow managed to mask his homosexual leanings from David. When David had married after college graduation, Stellan had stood as his best man. Stellan had been named godfather to David's only son. The two still saw each other occasionally but not as often as they had in the closer quarters of the college community. Stellan liked Marlo, David's wife. He, also, liked Jimmy, David's son. And the affection was evidently returned. It was Stellan, however, more than David or David's family, who got uncomfortable when they were all gathered together.

Stellan stripped off his faded jeans and put on a pair of more conservative black trousers. He slipped on a white shirt, leaving the top two buttons unfastened. He then exited via a door that opened into the back of his office closet. He walked the short distance to his desk, sat down, and rang the front desk.

Two minutes later, David was in the room; and Stellan was walking toward him, feeling some of that same old tingling in his loins that he always felt with David near. The two shook hands, sat down, talked about



general things until David finally got around to speaking about what he'd come for.

"It's Jimmy," David said.

"Jimmy?"

And that had been the beginning of the conversation. The ending had come about forty-five minutes later. David had left, and Stellan was left wondering if he'd done the right thing, bending as he had under David's pressure to comply. While Stellan could certainly agree that a fourteen-year-old boy was far better off kept busy during his summer vacation, Stellan wasn't quite sure Jimmy would be that better off working for Stellan than getting a job somewhere else.

Stellan was still thinking about his promise to David to give the youngster summer employment around the gym when he buzzed Doug to tell him he was going back to join Barry.

He'd been a bit disconcerted when Stellan had left the room without unchaining him. Barry had assumed this session was completed when Stellan had deposited his last hot, sticky load up Barry's ass. Barry had, thus, waited to be unfastened, and he'd been frankly surprised when it hadn't happened.

Left chained on his belly, Stellan's cum going cold up his ass and a rubber dildo sticking out of his rectum, Barry was beginning to get worried.

Even while Barry had been wondering whether he would be expected to retain the dildo inside of him until Stellan's return, his ass rejected it. The cum-sopped latex prick had slipped free of his asshole and had fallen between Barry's opened legs. The young man had lain there, feeling the jism oozing from his abused ass.

Barry quickly became aware of the soreness of his asshole. Stretched to accommodate two cocks, his butt was sorer. Barry wondered whether there was any blood mixed in with the semen oozing from his ass. It certainly wouldn't have surprised him.

Stellan re-entered the backroom after David's departure. Stellan had felt the stirrings of his cock: a cock that by right, after four orgasms already, should have been beaten into a limp condition. By the time David had

extended his hand for that farewell handshake, Stellan's cock was so blood-gloated it was a miracle David didn't notice the bulge at Stellan's crotch.

Back with Barry, Stellan took off his boots and stripped off his pants to release his cock. His cock was certainly hard, there was no denying that. It had leaked strings of goo to the inner crotch of Stellan's black trousers, trailings that resembled those of a slug's on asphalt. Stellan cupped his balls, finding them slightly aching from his previous ejaculations. Yet, the man was confident there was more cum housed in those testicles just waiting to be free. He peeled off his white shirt.

Beyond the one-way mirror, the scene had shifted somewhat since Stellan's exit. Stan was across the room on the jogging machine, chocking up his regular ten-minute run before hitting the showers.

Roger Tabbs was now posturing in front of the mirror. Fifty-pound dumbbells in each hand, the muscular youngster was doing his sets of shoulder shrugs. He was joined by Derek Chandler.

Stellan's attention turned back to Barry.

Through the muffling leather of his hood, Barry knew someone was back in the room. Barry knew it was Stellan who had finally returned. What now?

Stellan walked the short distance to the walk-in closet that ran the length of one wall. He opened the doors, checking out the line of hanging costumes. Every club member had his own section of the closet.

Stellan's section was quite extensive. He wondered, as he looked at the faded jeans, suede and leathers, just which of these pieces fitted his particular mood at the moment. He'd just been with David. The two of them had played team sports together in college. They'd co-captained the gymnastics, squash, tennis, and football teams.

Stellan pushed back the clothes and reached for the stained football jersey hung on a hook in the rear. The piece of uniform had once been white with black shoulder and arm bands.

The jersey was now dirty, filthy in fact. It was torn along the chest so that when Stellan slipped it on over his head, his left nipple showed through the tattered material. The number on the jersey was twelve: David's old

number. The jersey smelled of sweat, was stiff with it and the dirt. The coarseness of the cloth chafed Stellan's skin.

Stellan turned again toward the mirror. The shirt hung down to his belly, resting over the base of his erected cock. There was something else needed.

He knelt down by the closet, opening one of the drawers in the long chest that extended the lower length of the closet. The drawer was stuffed with leather and suede supporters, dirty underwear, cum-streaked jocks.

Stellan fished a jockstrap out of the intermingling pile. It wasn't the one he wanted, somehow it wasn't soiled enough.

He remembered another. He continued to scrounge until he found it. He'd used it several times, had orgasmed in it at least three times without ever rinsing it. He shut the drawer, stood up, then stepped into the tangle of elastic bands.

His cock was engulfed suddenly in the cum-stiffened sock. He straightened the elastic bands along his thighs, untwisted them along the cheeks of his ass.

Stellan went to the table, running his hand gently over Barry's skin. The flesh was still warm beneath his fingers. Stellan picked up the dildo, felt the cool clamminess of his own cum that had coagulated on the rubber.

He tossed the latex cock to one side. It bounced on the floor.

"Did you think I'd deserted you?" Stellan asked.

Barry didn't answer. He felt sure he wasn't expected to. He waited to see if he was right. If he wasn't, he'd be soon rewarded for his silence by a belt-directed blow to his ass.

Stellan walked to a nearby table and picked up two handcuffs. He walked back to Barry.

"We're going to change your position," Stellan said, already beginning to unfasten Barry's leg restrainers. "You'd like that, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Yes, we do need a little change, don't we?" Stellan mused. He'd moved to the head the table and had unfastened Barry's bracelets. "You

must be damned tired of lying on your belly by now, aren't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then roll over on your back and throw both of your legs back over your head, bastard!" Stellan instructed, giving Barry's ass a hearty whack with the flat of his hand. "And do it now!"

Barry obliged, although his body felt stiff. His back hurt as much as his aching muscles.

When Barry's legs were almost over his head, Stellan grabbed hold of them and brought them down so that the ankles were near Barry's wrists. Stellan quickly worked to refasten Barry's wrists to the leg restrainers and to handcuff each of Barry's legs to those same chains. Barry's legs were bent, his knees resting on his triceps along the side of his head.

"Give it a minute," Stellan said, knowing the new positioning would be very painful. "You'll adjust. You're damned good at adjusting."

Barry felt Stellan's hand running along the curve of his upturned butt. In a few seconds he would have probably realized what Stellan had in mind, but he just wasn't quick enough.

Suddenly Stellan's fingers were at Barry's cock and balls, his fingers squeezing hard to clamp the cock, the balls, and the cockring in one vise-like grip.

"Jesus!" Barry groaned, the pain erupting in his groin.

"Jesus, what?" Stellan asked, rolling Barry's balls so that they collided with each other and with the metal cockring.

Barry's fingers opened and shut, clawing at thin air.

"Jesus, good?" Stellan asked.

"Yes," Barry wheezed.

"I can't hear you," Stellan said.

"Yes!" Barry repeated louder.

Stellan's grasp became as gentle as a caress, fondling the balls and the lengthy snake-like neck of the prick.

“Yes, what?”

“Feels good. Feels real good.”

“Feels good, sir,” Stellan corrected, his hand once more a clenching vise.

“Sir,” Barry mumbled between clenched teeth.

“Good,” Stellan said. He released his hold on the genitals, smiling to himself when he noted the visible swelling in Barry’s cock. It wouldn’t be too long at all before Barry’s cock was back to a hardness rivaling that of Stellan’s prick. He could always count on horny Barry to come through with a hard cock under most circumstances. Stellan could remember some group sessions when the whole club had had their fill of Barry, and the kid’s cock had still been hard as if waiting for even more.

Stellan began to unfasten the cords that secured the hood over Barry’s head. He slipped the hood free, moving on to the blindfold. He freed it, too.

Barry found himself looking up at his own cock and balls. The cockring held to the base of his cock and nuts. Barry turned his face toward Stellan, trying to focus through eyes which weren’t adjusted to the harsh lights.

He did see Stellan’s new costume. Barry’s cock began swelling with the sight of the sweaty jersey, the cock-and-ball-bulged jock. Of course, no matter what it was Stellan wore, Barry would have been turned on. It was strange how, for Barry, none of the passions had paled after three years under Stellan’s tutelage. If anything, Barry found he desired Stellan even more than he had in the beginning.

Stellan stood by the side of the table, elevating his body so that he could prop his jockstrapped balls within good view of Barry’s face. The elastic cup was streaked with crusted sperm and dark stains. The ridge of the cock rose upward, the head of Stellan’s prick actually pushing out the waistband that encircled his belly.

“I’ve got a hot cock for you, bastard!” Stellan said.

Stellan found he was picturing David there on the table and not Barry. The thoughts of David’s muscular and virgin ass upturned on the table was too much for Stellan. He hooked his thumb into the band of the jockstrap and peeled it slowly down over his cock.

The head of the cock appeared immediately, heart-shaped and pressing into Stellan's stomach. The wide stretch of the cock-neck, below the swelling of the glans, became broader as the elastic passed down over Stellan's balls. Stellan tucked the elastic under his nuts so that his testicles were elevated.

Barry's cock had become hard. Its length was extended so that the head of it was bent into the crease of the boy's belly. Stellan reached for it, felt the resistance of its stiffness. The large balls cascaded downward almost to Barry's forehead.

"Hungry?" Stellan asked. "I've decided to let you have a little something to eat."

He pried Barry's cock down so that the corona actually brushed Barry's lips, leaving a trail of clear preseminal juices. For a few seconds, Stellan traced translucent designs with the preseminal strings along the boy's forehead, cheeks, lips and chin.

"You're going to suck your own cock," Stellan said, finally bringing the head of Barry's cock back to the boy's mouth. "I know how you like eating your own meat, so I've decided to let you. So, open wide and suck it in!"

Barry opened his mouth, immediately tasting his own sexual juices. Barry's pursed lips ovaled around the head of his dick, holding to it. Barry looked at his scrotum. He could see how the hair on his groin furrowed into the crease of his ass.

"You keep hold of that meat of yours, bugger," Stellan said. "Because when I'm through with you, I want to see it still stuffed in your mouth. Do you understand?"

Barry nodded. The boy was careful to keep the head of his cock entrapped in his mouth.

Stellan laid a hard slap across Barry's ass. The blow made a good deal of noise; Barry gasped out his surprise.

Stellan's action got the desired results. When Barry moaned, his mouth let go of his cock. The hard cock swung upward.

"Careless," Stellan said, clucking his disappointment; although, he would have been more disappointed had Barry anticipated too successfully



and held on to the cock. “You think I can tell you something one second just to have you disobey it a second later? That’s stupid, you little bastard. And you should know better, shouldn’t you?”

“Yes, sir. I’m sorry, sir. I couldn’t help it, sir.”

“Bullshit!” Stellan replied.

Barry expected another blow to his ass. He prepared for it and was surprised when it didn’t arrive.

“It was a very simple instruction,” Stellan said.

“How hard could it possibly have been to keep your mouth over the head of your cock? Now if I’d asked you to try and get to it, that might have been different; but, I pushed your meat down for you. All you had to do was keep hold of it. If you can’t follow simple instructions, how in the hell are you going to be able to follow those complicated instructions?”

“I’m sorry, sir. Really I am. It won’t happen again. Really it won’t.”

“You’re an asshole!” Stellan accused. “How long have you been in training? We should have never let you start playing top man. It made you lose all of your perspective. You’ve forgotten every damned thing you’ve learned about being a slave! How are you going to be a good top man, expecting anyone to obey you when you can’t even follow a few simple instructions yourself?”

Stellan’s hand moved back to Barry’s balls. They didn’t squeeze, merely massaged. Finally his fingers trailed to the neck of the boy’s prick and pulled it back down where Barry’s mouth could claim the hot cockhead.

“I don’t expect to have to do this again,” Stellan said. “Do you understand?”

“Yes, sir,” Barry answered, determined never to surrender his cock.

Stellan walked to one wall and pondered the assortment of paddles that hung there. He reached for one. It was a long, narrow paddle with star-shaped holes bored through the thin wood. He brought it back to the table with him, his cock weaving in front of his body.

“You will keep hold...” Stellan began, laying on the first whack of the paddle even before he’d finished with his sentence, “on that cock, no matter

what. Understand?”

Barry felt the pain, the flush of hot blood rushing to the battered flesh on his behind. Several pink stars were emerging on the boy's buns.

Stellan laid on another beauty of a whack, watching as the paddle cut into the flesh, Barry's skin rising like yeasted dough through the star-cut holes. Again Stellan used the paddle, this time bringing it far above his head, the air whistling through the holes as the wood fell once more on the smooth and muscular mass of the young boy's ass.

Barry's eyes were watering. On the last whack of his butt, the boy had helplessly bitten his cock. He wanted to cry out, but he was afraid he might let the cock go. Whatever punishment Stellan was doling out now, it would only be worse if Barry made the same mistake twice.

The paddle fell again, then again.

Barry found himself rocking in an attempt to avoid the blows. His flesh was turning discolored, blood blossoming very near the surface. Barry closed his eyes, tightened his lips around his cock, groaned loudly around his own plugging prick as the final disciplinary blow landed on the surface of Barry's buttocks.

“Let's try not to be slovenly in the future!” Stellan said.

He'd watched Barry's ass become bruised with the blows. He'd watched Barry's mouth as it had ovaled tightly around the cock, trying to desperately hold the corona secure and voice his agony at the same time. The sight, plus continued imaginings that it was David chained to the table, was making Stellan increasingly horny. His blood-gorged cock, which had been turgid at the beginning of the beating, was now even more solid. Its massive bulk seemed to have grown red with the blood trapped within its tubes.

Stellan dropped the paddle to the floor. He moved down to the foot of the table and crawled up on it. He gently touched the soreness of Barry's ass, his fingers lingering to give the boy's balls a playful squeeze. He pushed the cockring further down the neck of the cock until the metal band had both balls trapped.

Stellan moved up along the back of the boy's thighs, down to the back of Barry's knees. As he moved his hands along the calves of Barry's legs, Stellan rose so that his thick cock was placed lengthwise in the crack of Barry's ass. Stellan's cock nestled over the pucker.

Stellan then lifted his hips, letting the head of his cock slide toward the centering pucker. Finally the cockhead was at the entrance, its pulpy mass pausing before shoving home.

The weight of Stellan's body had caused Barry's body to bend even further. Another inch of his own cock had jabbed into his mouth. He rolled his tongue over his own meat, enjoying the taste of it, aware of the run of veins against his tongue.

Stellan, once begun, wasted little time. He fucked Barry's butt in one, quick slide that drove the cock in to his balls in less than a second.

Barry grunted.

Stellan's cock had mercilessly jabbed Barry's prostate and pressed on to further depths within the hole. Even as Barry was mumbling, a new release of his own preseminal juices, spawned by the attack on the boy's prostate, was gushing to his tongue and throat.

Stellan enjoyed the spasmodic contractions of Barry's ass around his cock. His cock firmly entrenched, his balls nestled in the crease of Barry's asshole, Stellan grabbed Barry's ankle. Looking down between Barry's legs, Stellan had an uninterrupted view of Barry's cock sinking deeper and deeper into the boy's hungry mouth.

"Eat that fucking cock of yours," Stellan instructed, luxuriating in the pleasure flooding his loins. "Practice giving yourself head so that you'll be able to do a better job on me than you did the last time!"

Looking upward, Barry could see his scrotum was beginning to wrinkle and contract, pulling the silver cockring back with it toward the base of his cock.

Barry's cheeks concaved with his sucking, his tongue whipping his own cock as Stellan's cock began its movements up his ass. Barry's mouth drowned his cock in saliva.

Stellan had begun to fuck, pulling and pushing, pulling and pushing. What began as a series of short strokes soon progressed into smooth and lengthy plunges. Stellan's fat cock slipped free to its head and then disappeared back up the pit.

Each time Stellan's cock going in, Barry's cock was pushed further up his own mouth. Barry's cock responded to the pleasure by sinking a fraction of an inch deeper up his throat. Before long, Barry's nose was actually pushing into his own balls. There was an animal smell to his groin: a combination of sweat, of male in heat.

Stellan's fuck-heaves caused Barry's cock to lunge into the boy's face. With each downward thrust, Stellan's weight would drive not only his cock deep up Barry's ass but Barry's cock deep up his throat.

With each withdrawal of Stellan's cock, some of the weight was pulled away, and Barry's body unbent slightly.

The cheeks of Barry's ass continued to stay hot from their recent beating, that heat a sensuous warmth against Stellan's crotch. Stellan ground his cock up to its hilt, striving to batter Barry's prostate.

In the gymnasium, one of the young men had finished his routine and was cooling down before heading for the showers. He was sitting on a bench, looking at himself in the mirror.

From the back room behind the mirror, it looked as if the young man were watching the action of Stellan's fucking and Barry's eating. His presence somehow added to Stellan's pleasure. Stellan moved his fucking rhythm into higher gear.

"Love it, twinkie bastard, don't you?" Stellan asked, his cock pounding away. "Tell me how fucking much you love it!"

Barry mumbled something. His mouth was too plugged with primed cock.

Stellan's balls were grouped in a compacted mass beneath the base of his cock. His prick was pulsing in its preparation for orgasm. There was a heat in Stellan's lower belly that was preparing to sunburst suddenly throughout his whole body.

It was David, not Barry, whom Stellan was fucking at that moment. It was David's hard and muscular ass which Stellan was skewering to the table. Or was it Barry?

Stellan's rocks let go, blasting a mess of hot, thick cum up Barry's ass.

Barry's cock let loose. The sweetly saline mess gushed creamily to Barry's tongue, spurting back into the boy's throat to be swallowed with delicious delight. It continued to squirt while Stellan's fat cock was letting loose its load. It seemed as if Barry were swallowing not only his ejaculating seed but Stellan's cum too.

## CHAPTER THREE

Even at age fourteen, Jimmy Burns was stud material. His body, not too many years into puberty, had a natural definition that was lacking on some boys his own age. His belly was flat. The boy's chest and upper belly were smooth, pubic hair only beginning on the lower reaches of the abdomen: the hair clustered in fine blond strands around the healthy cock.

The boy had obviously inherited the length of his cock through the genes of his well-hung father.

Jimmy had the arms and the legs of an athlete. Besides swimming, Jimmy had early been impressed upon by his father with the need for a good physical conditioning.

Jimmy looked an awful lot like his father in looks as well as body. The boy had the same thick, straw blond hair, cut in basically the same style: short on the sides and banged over his forehead. His eyes, shielded by long blond lashes, were a darker blue than David's. His mouth held the same definite sensuousness and vague pouting that had made David so popular with the girls in college.

Jimmy, however, was not interested in girls. Jimmy thought girls too soft, too silly, too dumb. He preferred the company of his father and Stellan Wayde. He especially liked his godfather; although, he never seemed to see enough of him.

Jimmy was thinking of Uncle Stellan as he jogged around a bend of the track that ran along the shoreline of Greenlake. He glanced behind him, glad that the only other joggers on the track were two runners quite some distance behind him. For a quick instant, Jimmy didn't think Stan was waiting. The boy felt disappointment in his guts. Jimmy needn't have worried, though. Stan was there.

Stan had been putting on his tennis shoes when he saw Jimmy round the bend; and, even though his shoes were on and securely tied, Stan feigned further lace adjustments when Jimmy was past him. The older boy then got slowly to his feet and began trailing after.



Jimmy found this way of meeting an extreme inconvenience. If it hadn't been for his father, Jimmy and Stan could now be somewhere, stripped down and lost in each other's arms. Still his father had been getting suspicious. How? What clues had they left lying around? Did a father just sense these things? Who in the hell knew?

All Jimmy knew was that he hadn't like the tone of that little man-to-man talk his father had requested a month before. And Jimmy certainly hadn't liked the suggestion that he spend most of his summer in a camp up in the mountains.

Jimmy had his summer reserved for Stan.

Jimmy left the path and jogged around several pines. He stopped finally and turned to find Stan waiting there for him. The two kissed, knowing from past experience that they were out of sight of any other runners.

Their kissing was rough, frantic, almost bruising in its intensity. Jimmy liked it that way. Their sex was always physical, a rutting of healthy young animals that only the mating of male flesh to male flesh could give them.

Jimmy couldn't imagine sex with a silly girl being as ecstatic as with Stan; and Stan, who had fucked a girl a couple of times, had told him that his sex was better.

The two broke their kiss, their cocks swelling in their jockstraps.

Jimmy wanted to talk, wanted to find out what had happened at the gym that morning; but, as important as that was to him, there was something of more immediate importance that Jimmy wanted.

"Fuck me," Jimmy said.

He'd felt Stan's hard cock against his own while they'd been in each other's arms, and now he put his hand to Stan's crotch as if to verify the erection was still there. The hardness was heavy beneath his hand.

Jimmy turned his back to Stan, dropped his shorts and jockstrap around his legs and grabbed his ankles.

Stan was as anxious for the fuck as Jimmy was; and, there would have been little that could have stopped him once the young boy's ass was bare and ready for his cock.

Yanking down his shorts and athletic supporter, Stan's hard cock thumped into view. The older boy moved quickly in behind the younger one.

"Fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck me!" Jimmy repeated, anxious for the feel of Stan's hard cock up his butt.

Stan moved quickly to oblige. When Stan put the head of his cock to the pucker, he used his right hand to milk his cock for even more natural lubricant. The cock-slit left a mess of juice on Jimmy's asshole. That splotch of juice being his target, Stan bucked his hips forward. Jimmy's asshole opened reluctantly, letting in the cockhead and four good inches of cock-shaft.

Jimmy grunted. He always grunted when Stan fed those first inches of prick to him. Hell, anyone would grunt, taking in that big cock. The first time Stan had stuffed his cock up Jimmy's ass, the boy had almost died, couldn't imagine cramming all of that prick into his small asshole. Well, Stan's cock had been crammed all of the way in all right; and, now Jimmy couldn't get it back up there fast enough.

Stan fed the last of his cock to Jimmy's tight ass. His hands holding to the boy's hips, Stan ground his hips to work his cock in to its total depth.

Stan quickly began his fuck in earnest. The tight asshole he was fucking squeezed and resisted each inward thrust of his cock, causing a friction that heated the shaft of his cock as well as the asshole it fucked. The resulting warmth only spurred Stan on. He moved on—faster and harder jabs.

"Sweet," Stan said, grunting his appreciation. "Sweet, Jesus, fuck!"

Jimmy was filled with the cock. Even though nothing was touching his own cock, this enjoyment was something else again. When Stan fucked his asshole, Jimmy had more than once cum just from this cock up his ass. Jimmy knew he could do it again. He growled with the feel of the cock battering his prostate.

Stan hooked his hands underneath Jimmy's arms, indicating that he wanted the boy to straighten up. Jimmy's back touched Stan's belly and chest. Stan's hands slipped deeper around Jimmy's body. Stan pinched his nipples, pinched hard, was excited by the way the boy groaned and ground his ass back against his groin.

Stan's mouth was on Jimmy's neck. He licked, tasting the deliciousness of the youth's tender flesh.

Stan dropped his right hand down the boy's satiny chest and belly, locating the cock jutting outward from the boy's belly. Stan fisted Jimmy's cock as his other hand trailed down Jimmy's body to take a handful of the boy's healthy balls. The bulky scrotum flowed between Stan's fingers. Stan squeezed.

Jimmy groaned. The dull pain in his balls actually enhanced the pleasures in his ass.

Stan let his hand coast back down the shaft of Jimmy's thick cock until the base of his fist was jabbed against the boy's belly. The movement stretched the skin tight from the cockhead to the healthy balls. Stan gave another full pump, feeling the dampness of the youth's Copious preseminal discharges. Stan soon had a masturbato cadence that corresponded to his own fucking of Jimmy's ass.

It felt SOOOOO fucking good.

Stan's hips really started humping, his hand whipping Jimmy's cock just as quickly.

"Fuck me!" Jimmy begged. "More, more, more!"

Jimmy's words got Stan even more excited. There was nothing better than fucking young, tight ass. Nothing could beat it. Nothing in the world.

Together, the two cocks were primed closer and closer to orgasm.

The cheeks of Jimmy's ass felt hot and wet as they banged against Stan's humping pelvis. The asshole was hot as Stan's cock slithered within the boy's butt.

Again Stan yanked out his cock to its bulbous head, feeling Jimmy's asshole gum the base of the heart-shaped corona. His hips bucked, again jabbing his cock into Jimmy's willing body. There were more hasty withdrawals.

Jimmy's asshole was now relaxed, taking easily all of those inches Stan continued to feed it.

Stan's cock streamlined up the butt, battering Jimmy's prostate. Stan ground his sweaty belly hard into Jimmy's ass to stir the cock up the hole. The pleasure was excruciating.

Jimmy moaned with the pleasure Stan's masturbating fingers and fucking cock were bringing to his body. The pain in his nuts was actually a supplement to the building pleasure. Jimmy bounced his hips in a cadence to Stan's fucking rhythm.

It was heaven. Jesus, it was heaven!

Jimmy's cock was getting pounded damned good, his asshole getting put through the mill. Jimmy's cock smeared Stan's fingers with juice just as Stan's cock was drooling juices.

"Harder!" Jimmy begged. "Give it to me, harder!"

Stan obligingly moved his hips into an even higher fucking gear. He humped the tight little ass, stripping Jimmy's cock and mauling the youth's cum-bulged balls.

The two fucked so well together, it would have been ridiculous to let anything as stupid as a summer camp come between them.

Jimmy opened his mouth, arched back his head, growled like an animal impaled on a death-dealing spear. The boy had arrived at his moment of truth. His ass clamped tightly about Stan's cock, then Jimmy's cock released its load.

"Jesus," Jimmy mumbled. "Jesus." His voice trailed off into strangled sounds as his wet-warm sperm ejaculated, messing Stan's fingers with its sticky dampness.

Stan wasn't far behind. Jimmy's spasming asshole was all the additional stimulus Stan needed to pop his own rocks. His cum erupted into the asshole, stringing Jimmy's walnut-sized prostate with sperm.

They were glossed with sweat as if from a run. Their pubic hair was spotted with beads of cum. They were panting with their exhaustion.

Stan finally pulled his cock free of Jimmy's asshole. The maneuver sucked an ocean of his spent sperm out of the pit and let it drool in cool streams down Jimmy's thighs.

Stan turned Jimmy around to face him, and the two kissed. Their still-hard cocks rammed together between them.

“He was there?” Jimmy asked finally, his butt and cock still oozing sperm.

“He was there,” Stan said. “He talked with Stellan for a good forty-five minutes.”

“Jesus, I hope Uncle Stellan came through,” Jimmy said.

“You and me both, stud,” Stan said, grinding his cock hard against the boy’s swollen meat. “You and me both.”

## CHAPTER FOUR

“See what I’ve got for you?” Sam said, folding his right hand into a fist. “I’ve got this for your tight little asshole.”

“Please, no,” Robbie pleaded. “God, please, no...”

Sam smiled. He was a big, well-built stud. He was wearing leather chaps with no pants underneath, his swollen erection jutting outward. It was a well-built cock to go with the man’s well-built body. Uncircumcised, the bulky foreskin was pulled back. Veins ran like rivers along the cock, bulging blue beneath the thin layer of skin. The man’s balls hung low.

Robbie was a kid who looked sixteen but was probably younger. He was acting the innocent virgin, doing a damned good job of it, too, but he somehow missed looking the part. He looked too used.

David had seen him somewhere before but couldn’t remember where.

Robbie was naked, chained to a board that was tilted back. If his wrists had been released from the fur-lined restrainers that held his arms above his head, the boy would have slid down the board and likely landed right at Sam’s feet.

The boy’s body was thin, well-shaped, scarred with lash marks which had come before. While he was only average in the looks department, certainly not the best-looking kid David had ever seen, he hadn’t been chosen for his role because of his face. He’d been chosen because he was hung like a horse and could apparently, despite his present protestations, take a fist up his ass.

Robbie’s cock was one of those which had to be seen to be believed. His prick was still bulky from the molesting it had endured during the past half hour. It drooped downward over large balls, the head lying on the board between the boy’s legs. Circumcised, the glans appeared like a large knob. The head of the cock was drooling liquids.

The boy’s legs were fastened together at the ankles, but they were not attached, like the wrists, to the board the boy was reclining on. Rather the

restrainers that held both ankles were connected by a length of chain approximately a foot long.

“You’re going to really like this, kid,” Sam said. “I know you are.”

The man had pulled a small, waist-high table over where he could get to it. On it sat a large can of Crisco. He flipped off the lid.

“Please, don’t hurt me,” Robbie pleaded. There was a look of fear on his face, almost real enough to be believed. “You can do anything, but please don’t hurt me.”

“I can do anything, period!” Sam said. “Whether it hurts you or not. You think you’ve got anything to say about it? Look at you: trussed up like a pig ready for slaughter. You think you could stop me if I wanted to shove a fence post up your ass, let alone a fist?”

Robbie said something in reply, but David couldn’t catch it.

Sam put his fist into the Crisco. Sam opened his fingers, keeping them buried in the grease. He made a fist again, pulling them out of the can with a healthy handful of the Crisco. He squeezed, the white goo squishing between his fingers.

Sam bent down to grab hold of Robbie’s legs. He lifted, bringing the legs upward.

Robbie protested, kicking furiously, his left leg coming free from Sam’s greased right hand. Sam let go of the other leg, Robbie’s lower body hitting the wood with a resounding smack.

“You fucking little prick!” Sam said. He hit the boy’s face with his opened palm, Crisco smearing the boy’s cheek, nose, and chin. Sam hit Robbie again.

There were real tears in Robbie’s eyes.

“You’re only going to make things worse, you little bastard,” Sam said. “You might as well relax and enjoy it. Do you know what it’s going to be like if you keep all tight and taut while I shove it home? You keep up this chickenshit, and I’m just going to go at it high and dry. You ever see what a big fist can do to a kid’s ass? Rip it, that’s what. Rip it real good. You want

your asshole torn so badly you could shit big turds and still have room for bigger?”

“Just don’t hurt me,” Robbie sobbed. Robbie’s acting was so good that David could actually forget that the bastard most likely took fist, or anything else up his ass for a living.

“You think I haven’t jabbed my fist up tighter asses than yours?” Sam asked. He was fondling his own cock and balls, turning them slick with the lard. “You think I don’t know how to fist-fuck and do it right?”

“I can’t take it,” Robbie said. “It’s too big.”

“Don’t underestimate how far that asshole of yours can stretch, kid,” Sam assured. “As I remember it, you thought this cock of mine was too fucking big to take before I gave it to you.”

“I don’t want you to hurt me,” the boy sobbed. “Jesus, I don’t want you to hurt me!”

Looked real, David thought. Looked very real. Genuine tears, genuine look of fear.

“Now, don’t go putting up a damned fuss about it,” Sam was saying. “You try and make this any more difficult than it really is, and I’m going to wipe all of this lard off my hand and feed you a dry fist. You think you’d like that?”

“Oh, God,” Robbie whimpered “Oh, God. God, God!”

“I’m your only God now,” Sam sneered “You better realize that, kid. I’ve got complete say over what happens to you. Do you understand that?”

“Yes,” Robbie answered after a pause.

“Yes, what?”

“Yes, sir.”

“That’s better,” Sam said, momentarily appeased.

Again Sam grabbed Robbie’s legs. This time there was no protest Sam put his head between the boy’s calves, hooking them over his shoulders.

There was more strain at the boy’s wrists. Despite the fur lining the wrist restrainers, Robbie felt the metal digging into the base of his hands.



His shoulders hurt.

Sam turned back to the table, reaching out to scoop up a couple fingers full of lard. He turned back to Robbie, finding the crease of the kid's ass. He smeared the mess into the run of the anal valley, poking a couple of fingers up the kid's asshole. Robbie moaned something. Whatever it was, David couldn't tell.

"There now," Sam said with evident satisfaction, pulling his hand away from Robbie's butt. "I had three fingers up your ass right then, and you weren't hurting, were you? Why, goddamnit, kid, a fist is only two more fingers and a little bit more."

"Ohhhh, Jesus," Robbie moaned.

About the same time, someone else in the room coughed loudly.

Sam's hand was back on his cock, massaging his hard meat with grease.

"Just keep it relaxed," Sam said, his finger back at Robbie's asshole. "Keep it relaxed, and I think you'll be damned surprised at how fucking easy all of this is going to be."

In the course of a few minutes, Robbie's body had become slick with sweat. Sam was doing his own share of sweating. His back was damp. The hairs lining the crease of his ass were soaked and sticking to his skin.

Sam pushed his index finger up Robbie's ass, working it back and forth as if it were a cock. Since Robbie had already taken Sam's cock once within the last half an hour, the boy was hardly uncomfortable now with just the one finger. Sam added his fuck finger, the two working back and forth, back and forth, as Robbie's asshole adjusted and stretched a little bit more.

Before Sam jabbed in a third finger, he moved in closer to Robbie's body, the movement hoisting the boy's ass higher so that everyone watching could get a better view. The asshole looked almost obscene, it was wet and shiny with all the grease.

Sam pushed in the third finger and followed it with the fourth. His fingers were grouped into a funnel like shape.

David watched the way Robbie's asshole yawned to take the jabbing fingers, how it seemed almost reluctant to let them go.

Robbie's eyes were shut, his forehead beaded with sweat. It was impossible to tell from his expression whether he was in ecstasy or in pain. At the moment, it didn't matter, because all interest was suddenly focused on Sam's thumb... it pressed against the asshole. Sam was beginning to push it home.

"Please, no!" Robbie begged once again.

"Don't tighten up now, fucker," Sam said. "You tighten up and you're going to wish to God you never had!"

Sam pushed all four fingers and the thumb in, the asshole bulging outwards. Robbie's eyes jerked open. His mouth opened and shut several times without emitting a sound. His throat muscles went taut. Sweat dribbled down his forehead.

"We're almost there," Sam said. "Just a little bit more."

"No!" Robbie pleaded.

"Keep relaxed," Sam said, "because here it comes."

"No, please," the boy said again. "No!"

"Relax, goddamnit!" Sam instructed, "or you're going to get yourself hurt!"

From the intense expression on Sam's face, David assumed the man was trying desperately to get his fist up Robbie's butt; yet, the hand didn't seem to be making much progress. David watched, wondering if it had all been a fake. Maybe there wasn't going to be a fist-fuck after all. Maybe all of this was just false promise with no real intentions of producing.

Even as David was imagining the false promise, Sam's hand sunk in. It did so with such speed that David wasn't actually sure he'd seen it happen. Suddenly the asshole had just widened, and the hand had shot in. Robbie's asshole flowed quickly over the knuckles, ovaling finally around Sam's hairy wrist.

Robbie screamed, his voice sounding inhuman. He screamed again, his head rocking from side to side, his mouth drooling.

David saw Robbie's agonized expression.

“Jesus!” someone yelled, and he was followed by an echoing of other groans of protest.

“Five fucking bucks,” someone else said from somewhere behind David, “and something is always going screwy in the best parts.”

There was a hurried exodus of people who were taking advantage of the film interruption to relieve their bladders, or possibly to relieve their balls.

David scooted down in his chair, his legs open, both knees propped against the seat in front of him. He hoped no one would pay any attention to him. He was always afraid someone was going to recognize him. Once he’d actually thought he’d seen Stellan, but it had turned out to be someone else—thank God.

The movie started up again, and there was a quick line of people hurrying back from the restroom, Some of them still buttoning up their pants.

David turned his attention back to the screen, but he’d somehow lost interest. It was so clinical the way the camera zoomed in for a close shot of Robbie’s fist-stretched asshole.

David suddenly realized he had to piss. That didn’t make him any too happy. He didn’t like to piss in public restrooms, somehow always suspecting the guy at the next urinal was eying his cock. David would then get paranoid and not be able to piss.

David especially didn’t like pissing in gay movie theaters. If he imagined his cock was being checked out in toilets elsewhere, it was most assuredly being checked out here. Usually when David had to piss in such places, he had a system. He’d watch the restroom, counting people going in and counting them coming out. Eventually he had a rough idea of when the toilet was empty. He hadn’t been counting, however, how many people had gone through the curtains and down the narrow flight of stairs when the film had stopped.

David sat for a few more minutes, trying to get interested again in the film. The kid called Robbie was grunting and groaning in the background to the close-up shot of the stuffed asshole.

A couple more minutes passed. No one came from the toilet and no one went in, apparently too interested in the action on the screen. David decided to take a chance.

Keeping in a crouched position, David left his seat, reached the aisle, and slipped through the tattered and heavy curtains. On the other side of the curtains, he waited just in case someone had decided to come check him out.

No one came. Beyond, in the darkness, someone, it sounded like Rubbie, was screaming that he wanted to get fucked. Apparently Sam had been right: the kid had come to enjoy it.

David hurried down the stairs.

At the restroom door, David stopped and listened. Then he took a deep breath and pushed through. The room was empty.

David heaved an audible sigh of relief and headed for the one available toilet. The damned toilet bowl had been plugged with too much toilet paper and shit and it was filled with piss to the brim. The floor all around it was wet with the overflow.

That left the row of four urinals. David went to one and unzipped his pants. He reached in through the breach and grabbed hold of his cock. It was hard.

“Jesus!”

David began to sweat. Why? Because he was in the can of a gay theater and had to piss with a hard-on? How did one piss with a hard-on? He’d tried it a thousand times on those mornings when he’d awoke with an erection and a need to piss; but, his efforts had usually resulted in piss on the floor and all over his hands.

He pushed his prick down so that when his bladder would be ready to let go, his piss would hit the urinal and not the wall.

The door swung open.

David closed his eyes and tried to stuff his turgid cock back into his trousers. He found his efforts somewhat frustrated by a cock which now seemed even larger than when he had first pulled it free.

David was joined at the wall by someone who took up a stance in front of the adjoining urinal. David had managed, by this time, to get his cock at least stuffed into his pants. He was now struggling with his zipper.

“I used to know a male nurse who worked in a hospital,” David’s new companion said, his fingers at work on the fly of his own pants. “He said when a patient got in that condition, they took care of it by hitting it with a silver spoon.”

“You got a silver spoon, because I sure as hell don’t,” David said.

Damn, he’d caught a piece of his undershorts in his zipper. He couldn’t get the zipper up or down. He was sweating more now. His face was flushed. He mentally told himself to be cool as he noticed that the guy at the next urinal had no problem pissing.

The guy had just nonchalantly pulled out his rope-like cock, and he was now shooting a stream of piss into the porcelain container.

David, telling himself that it wasn’t all that unusual to find a man with his zipper caught, tried to be as unobtrusive as possible.

All of a sudden, when he thought he was on the verge of success, David realized there was no longer the sound of pissing. Yet, the guy was still there beside him.

David glanced and felt his heart suddenly skip a beat. The guy was through pissing all right. He was through, but his cock was still out of his pants. The guy was stroking the lengthy neck of his cock. And even as David watched, there was some reaction within the bulk of that prick. The cock was thickening. It was jutting outward and upward.

David looked from the hardening cock to the guy’s face. For almost a full second, David thought he was going to have heart failure. Why was he always imagining people in situations like this to be Stellan?

“Looks like we suddenly both need that silver spoon, doesn’t it?” the kid asked. “Luckily I know a better remedy.”

David bolted. He made a dash for the door, not even aware that he was through it until he was at the top of the stairs and pushing through the curtains and into the darkened theater. He quickly headed up the exit aisle.

He made it to the alley: not to piss but to puke.

## CHAPTER FIVE

Jimmy worked out with weights on Sundays. A lot of the gym regulars didn't bother coming in on Sunday. Stellan told Jimmy, shortly after the boy joined the gym staff, that he had free access to any of the equipment on Sundays.

Actually, Jimmy was expected to use the equipment as often as possible. Stellan expected his employees, who sold physical fitness, to be in good physical shape.

For almost an hour, Jimmy and Stan had been the only ones in the gym workout area. Doug had the day off, and Stellan had some book work to catch up on in the office.

Jimmy and Stan had tentatively agreed to keep most signs of overt affection down while at the gym. Stellan, after all, was no dummy; and it would have been ridiculous to spoil this good thing they'd worked so hard for.

In a couple of days, Jimmy felt confident he would have the keys to the gym, and he and Stan would then have someplace to go that was private and where David could never get to them. Then Jimmy and Stan would be able to fuck and suck somewhere more comfortable than in the park.

Still, it was damned hard being so close to Stan all morning and not be able to touch him. More than once over the last couple of hours, Jimmy's cock had swollen in his jockstrap. And Stan's length of cock had more than once been visibly turgid in excitement.

Derek Chandler came in, waved greetings to both Jimmy and Stan before disappearing through the swinging doors that led to the lockers.

By the time Derek came in, suited up, Jimmy was ready to call it a morning. He had worked up a good sweat, and his pulse rate was up to a good one-forty.

"Don't let me drive you away," Derek said, passing Jimmy en route to the bicycles to begin his warm up.

“I started early,” Jimmy said. “What happened to you? We expected you at nine.”

“I went out with friends last night.”

“Then I guess we’re lucky to even see you at all,” Jimmy laughed.

“Tell me about it,” Derek replied.

Jimmy pushed through the swinging doors and into the locker room. He stripped off his sweaty clothes, dropping them into an unruly pile. The sack of his jockstrap was wet with his oozed preseminal juices. He stuffed his clothes in the locker. He picked up a towel on the way to the shower. His cock was semi-hard, but its natural heavy bulk made it hang low.

Jimmy adjusted the water before getting in. He then stepped into the spray and stood for a full minute in the water, letting the heated fluid wash over his aching muscles. He reached for the bar of soap and languidly spread suds over his body. He lingered over his cock, coaxing it back to a full erection. In the privacy of his own stall who would know or care that he was playing with himself?

When the door clicked, Jimmy started.

It wasn’t chance, however, which brought Stan to this particular shower stall.

“Sorry, I thought this shower was unoccupied,” Stan said, his wide grin saying just the opposite.

“Christ, you scared the shit out of me!” Jimmy said, his voice coming out louder than he’d intended. His hands were on his cock and nuts, an attempt to conceal something which had been too big to adequately conceal.

Stan stepped into the stall, pulling the door closed behind him. His blue eyes sparkled with amusement and something else. What else? Desire?

“Jesus, Stan, not here, not now,” Jimmy whispered. Yet even as he said no, he saw Stan’s cock growing hard, felt his own cock begin to swell. No matter what Jimmy’s protests, he knew they would indeed have sex.

Jimmy wanted sex, and he knew the two of them could be endangering everything by listening to their cocks instead of to their brains. They could be caught. But caught by whom? Stellan? That was possible but not



probable: not on Sundays. Stellan spent most of his Sundays in his office, seldom bothering even to suit up.

So, what about Derek? Derek had just arrived. He had at least a two-hour routine. He'd be occupied for a hell of a long time before stripping back down for his shower.

Jimmy backed into the wall, his butt pressing against the tiles. Stan walked into the spray. He came to Jimmy, his body glossed with the splattering water. He smelled of muscle, of man, of raw sex. His body was hard when Jimmy touched it. The strength of the male animal was evident in the mere feel of the flesh.

Jimmy turned within Stan's caress, turned his chest, his belly, and his cock towards the wall. He was acutely aware of the hardness of Stan's cock first against his belly, then his thigh, and finally against his ass.

Jimmy widened his stance. He put his cheek against the cool tile, put his hands to the wall in a push-up position.

Stan reached for the soap. He lathered up his cock. He soaped his cock and his belly, put the soap back in its niche and wiped the excess along Jimmy's back and ass-crease. His fingers lingered in the crease, languidly caressing in anticipation.

He pulled his fingers out of Jimmy's ass, took hold of his cock to push it downward from his belly so the head rode the crease. Stan located the ass pucker, nuzzled into it, felt the pursed anal mouth give beneath the pressure exerted by his cock.

The soap on the cock allowed an easy dive into the hole. The ass quickly admitted the glans, gummed the coronal crown and began inching along the neck of the cock. It felt good going up the boy's butt, would feel even better after it got there.

Stan put his hands on Jimmy's hips, holding the boy steady while he pushed the final inches of his cock up the butt.

Stan's body tingled with the sucking collapse of the asshole along his cock. He shuddered as his belly flattened against Jimmy's buns and drove the cock to its full depth up the ass.

“Good,” Jimmy whispered, his voice hardly audible beneath the noise of the shower spray. Stan put his lips close to the boy’s ear. Stan licked the lobe of the ear, his tongue swirling around. His hands glided upward along Jimmy’s body, leaving the hipbones to search out the tautness of the erected nipples.

Jesus, Jimmy was right, it was good with Stan’s cock buried all the way up his young asshole. Stan basked in the pleasurable tightness of the fit.

The two young men seemed to be made for each other: the way Jimmy’s back and ass complemented Stan’s muscular chest and belly.

Stan pulled back his hips, withdrawing his cock, aware of Jimmy’s trembling reaction to the sensuous emptying of his bowels. Stan drew out his cock until only its head was clamped by Jimmy’s asshole. After only a short pause, he pushed the head back into the asshole, following it with the delicious inches of his prick-shaft.

God, Stan felt lucky: not just to be here now, fucking this hunky little stud, but lucky to have found Jimmy at all.

Stan enjoyed the muscular young body against his own, its tanned symmetry. He enjoyed the way Jimmy’s tight asshole clutched and spasmed around his cock. He thrilled with the breathless cries of Jimmy’s uttered pleasure. This was ecstasy: this pushing and pulling of hard cock within a hard, male ass.

Stan’s fingers pinched Jimmy’s nipples before he dropped his hands back down the boy’s chest and belly. His palms flush against Jimmy’s stomach, Stan felt the hardness of the boy’s erected cock. His right hand touched the base of Jimmy’s cock.

Stan took hold of the cock, his left hand dropping lower to close in upon Jimmy’s balls. Stan squeezed Jimmy’s nuts, moving his other hand back and forth in a masturbatory rhythm over the boy’s fat cock.

Stan continued to pump ass, giving Jimmy’s rectum a series of long and languid slides of his cock.

With each push and pull of Stan’s hard cock within his ass, Jimmy felt pleasure rising within his body. There was something thoroughly exciting

about the way Stan fucked: not like those ignorant kids Jimmy had known before Stan.

Stan released Jimmy's balls, then came back for them from a different angle, this time from behind and through Jimmy's thighs. Stan pulled the balls back between Jimmy's legs, adding his own nuts to the handful of massaged scrotum. Stan found the combined bags were too much for one hand to contain. He rolled the gonads together, quickly aware of the dull ache arising in the pit of his belly as his nuts collided with Jimmy's.

Pain arose from Jimmy's squeezed balls. The boy had begun moving his lower body in a complementary rhythm to Stan's fucking cadence. His active participation intensified their pleasure. Jimmy pulled his ass away from Stan's cock and then pushed back to quickly rebury the hunk of hard meat.

Each time Stan's cock pulled free, soap bubbles lathered Jimmy's asshole. Some of the original soap lubricant had been lost, but Stan's cock made up for it by giving forth its continual leaking of preseminal liquids.

Stan had continued to jack-off Jimmy's cock while fucking the boy's asshole and squeezing the boy's nuts. He pulled the loose outer fold of flesh upward over the hard inner core, tugging until the skin could stretch no further. He then reversed the motion of his hand, pushing the foreskin past the cockhead. He pumped Jimmy's cock in the same rhythm that he fucked his ass.

Jimmy's cock was getting whipped to orgasm, aided by the battering of the hard cock up his butt.

Jimmy wanted to groan out some encouragement to Stan, let the older boy know that he was riding high on the wave of passion. But Jimmy was afraid any sound he made would come out louder than he had intended. He knew they had to be quiet. Jimmy bit his lip, tried to hold back all the squeals of pleasure.

Stan was also trying to control his grunts of passion.

Stan was well into the screw now—he was passed the point of caring about being discovered. Suddenly all that was important was the fuck, the bringing to climax of that fuck. Basic animal drives had taken complete

control of his body. His hips went out of control, slapping his pelvis into Jimmy's hard wet ass.

"Close!" Jimmy whispered.

"Let it go!" Stan grunted, his voice wheezing as his nuts began to erupt. Stan's spunk pulsed from his balls, through his cock, out to flood Jimmy's spasming asshole. The mess washed the anal passage, drowning everything in the warm wetness. Stan's ass-cheeks trembled. He bit into Jimmy's shoulder.

Jimmy was unaware of the pain resulting from Stan's bite. The boy took the load Stan's fat cock was feeding his asshole, simultaneously shooting off his own spunk.

The ropes of Jimmy's cream blasted free of his cock running down the tiles of the shower stall wall and coating Stan's fingers with a mess of sticky slime.

The two trembled, groaned despite themselves. The weight of Stan's body pressed Jimmy hard into the wall as Stan pushed his cock one final time up the asshole.

Jimmy felt full to capacity, full of man, full of cock, full of cream. The fact that he'd emptied his own nuts in no way lessened his feelings of fullness.

"We're both crazy," Jimmy said finally, able to control the level of his voice.

"Wonderfully crazy," Stan said, wrapping his arms around Jimmy's chest and kissing the boy's shoulder.

Both young men took a few minutes of silence to listen, fearing suddenly that they might hear something to let them know they'd been overheard in their rutting. They silently thanked God when they detected nothing.

Stan pulled his cock free. There came with it a mess of spent sperm. Stan moved the nozzle so that the shower spray quickly washed away the remnants of sex from his body. His cock was becoming flaccid.

Stan opened the shower door and stepped out, giving Jimmy a quick smile in parting. A few seconds later, Stan was in one of the other stalls down the row; and Jimmy could hear the rush of running water.

Jimmy reached for the soap and began to lather his body, paying particular attention to the mess leaking from his ass. He was slipping the length of his cock back and forth through his massaging fingers when he caught the shadow on the other side of the opaque shower door.

For a brief instant, Jimmy thought Stan was coming back for seconds. Jimmy was determined to resist. They'd be foolish to chance it twice.

"Jimmy?" It was Stellan's voice. Stellan tapped on the door of the shower.

Jimmy opened the door a crack and peered out.

"Want me, Uncle Stellan?" Jimmy asked.

"Your father just called. He asked if you could have this afternoon off, and I told him yes. He said he'd be by in about half an hour."

"Gee, thanks. Did he say what for?"

"Something about a picnic at your grandmother's."

Family, picnic, relatives: Jesus! Jimmy wanted that scene like he wanted a hole in the head.

"You sure you're not going to need me around here this afternoon?" Jimmy asked hopefully. "I mean, I wouldn't mind staying on and giving you a hand."

"No, you go ahead," Stellan said. "There's never much happening on Sundays anyway."

Stellan disappeared, and Jimmy leaned against the wall and shut his eyes. What would have happened if Stellan had showed up a minute sooner? What would have happened if he'd come to the shower and seen Jimmy and Stan fucking?

Jesus, Jimmy made a resolution to be more careful in the future.

## CHAPTER SIX

Stellan parked the motorcycle. It got attention. It always did. It was big, powerful and polished to a high sheen. Stellan crawled off the black leather seat, knowing he was getting as much attention now as the bike was.

Stellan walked to the door of the bar, checking out the group of kids who were clustered together by the streetlight. The blond had potential. So, did the studly redhead: except Stellan didn't like redheads. Stellan remembered having a preference for blonds way back when his testicles dropped and his crotch started sprouting hair.

Stellan opened the door and went in. There'd be time enough later to pick between the blond and the redhead.

Stellan nodded a few hellos and walked through the crowd to an empty bar stool. He sat down, and the bartender gave him Stellan's silver mug full of good cold beer. All the regulars had their own mugs.

The beer was slightly bitter as it went down. Stellan was grateful for the chill of it. Despite the fact that it was hotter than hell, especially when the day had been a hot one and the evening was still slightly muggy, wearing leather was mandatory in this particular bar.

The place was active as Stellan looked around, which was a bit surprising since it was still fairly early. Things never really started hopping until much later, becoming frantic as everyone tried to pair off and get out before the glaring houselights came on and bared every conceivable wrinkle and blotch of bad complexion.

There were two people playing at the front pool table. Stellan knew one of them. The back pool table was empty, but several of the stools surrounding the lit table were already occupied. It might have proved to be an interesting evening.

This was club night, and he was on the prowl.

Stellan took another sip of beer. Stellan wondered about Jimmy. A couple of times Jimmy had seemed to be fishing to see if his father had mentioned to Stellan about what it was Jimmy had done for recreation

before coming to work at the gym. Those little delvings for information on Jimmy's part had succeeded only in making Stellan extremely curious. Like just what was the kid afraid his father might have mentioned? Maybe Jimmy had just been making small talk at the time. It might well have been Stellan's imagination.

Jimmy had really worked in quite well at the gym. The guys really seemed to like him; and, they had kept hands off when Stellan had dropped the subtle word. Although, Stellan had to admit, there had been more than one time, especially when he'd seen the kid stripped down and naked, when he'd thought what an excellent addition Jimmy would make to the club.

"Hi, Stellan. Club meeting tonight?" Greg Pard asked, claiming a stool to Stellan's right. Greg had been picked up for club sessions a few years back. He'd never seemed able to get his head together, though, so had never graduated up the ranks. It had been a long, long time since Greg had had access to Stellan's inner circle. While Greg found the S & M, B & D scene a tremendous turn-on, it also scared the living shit out of him.

"You volunteering?" Stellan asked, knowing the answer before he'd even asked the question.

"I'll pass for this evening," Greg smiled. He motioned for a beer.

Stellan actually liked Greg. Oh, they weren't friends, really just acquaintances, but Greg was easy to get along with and knew the situation well enough not to try and interfere by making a pass.

Stellan could actually feel more respect for Greg, the kid knowing his limitations, than for someone else who thought he was suited for the leather scene when he sure as hell was not.

"Getting a little love handle, there, aren't you?" Stellan asked.

"Guess I am," Greg agreed. He'd noticed his beginning bulge but had kept telling himself it was all his imagination.

"Why don't you stop by the gym?" Stellan suggested. Greg had good enough looks so that he'd fit right in. He had come in for a while, but had then dropped out.

"Maybe I will," Greg said; but, his weight problem really wasn't what he'd come over to talk about.

Stellan sensed Greg wanted to say something.

“I’ve got a brother,” Greg said. “Young, good-looking little stud, but he’s only fifteen.”

Stellan became very attentive, but he didn’t want to stick his foot into a pile of shit unknowingly. For a lot of people, they might be admittedly queer, might fuck and suck anything from roosters to dormice, but their family (especially their little brothers) was considered sacred ground.

“There’s never been anything wrong with being fifteen,” Stellan commented, “especially if you’re a good-looking little stud.”

“We’ve done some sexual things together on and off for some years now,” Greg said. He paused as if waiting for Stellan to say something.

Stellan sipped his beer.

Greg continued. “He’s asked me about the leather scene. He heard from someone that I was once into it pretty seriously.”

“Were you?” Stellan asked. There’d been a time when he’d thought Greg would have been perfect for the club.

“I tried it, and I decided it wasn’t for me,” Greg said. “I tried to tell him it wasn’t for him, either, but how in the hell do I know that? Maybe he’ll fit right in. It’s something he’s going to have to find out for himself.”

Stellan’s beer was becoming warm, but after having seen what too much beer was doing for Greg’s once superb young body, Stellan was in no hurry to finish off the mug.

“I told him I’d keep my eyes and ears open, maybe get him an intro in the scene from somebody he could trust. He’s my brother, you know. I know he wants to try this scene, but I don’t want him getting mixed up with the wrong guys. There’s some nasty customers around here who wouldn’t think twice about tying a young kid down and turning him into a basket case.”

“This conversation is leading somewhere specific?”

“Take him tonight,” Greg said.



“If I remember correctly, you once thought our little sessions were possibly a little too advanced for beginners.”

“That was my hang-up,” Greg said. “The truth is, you’ve got a good reputation. I don’t want the kid hurt, Stellan. He’s my brother.”

“I’ll look at him,” Stellan said. “I can’t promise anything, but I’ll look. How long will it take him to get here?”

“He can be here in fifteen minutes.”

“Have him stop by, then,” Stellan said. “As I said, I’ll take a look, but I can’t guarantee anything until I see him. I can sometimes sense if a person isn’t right. If I don’t think your brother’s right, then he’ll have to look elsewhere. Understood?”

“Understood,” Greg said, scooting off the stool. “When you met me, did you think I was right?”

“Yes,” Stellan admitted. “But then, it’s impossible to bat one thousand all of the time, isn’t it?”

Greg headed for the phone.

Stellan watched Greg thread his way through the milling bodies. More people had arrived, few of them leaving. The place was getting crowded. Stellan motioned for another beer.

Half an hour later, Stellan was beginning to wonder if Greg hadn’t changed his mind about giving his brother an introduction to leather. Greg hadn’t come back.

Stellan decided he could give him another quarter of an hour. After all, the kid sounded interesting. He was certainly the ideal age. Barry had been fifteen when Stellan had picked him up right outside this same bar. Jimmy was close to fifteen now.

It was a nice age: fifteen. Stellan was going to have to begin looking elsewhere if the kid didn’t show up. Stellan certainly didn’t want to be running frantically around at the last minute trying to pick up a slave that the club wouldn’t appreciate.

There were still five minutes to go on the deadline Stellan had given Greg when Greg came through the door. He was obviously relieved that

Stellan was still there.

“I thought you might have gone,” Greg said.

“That was a long fifteen minutes,” Stellan commented lamely. If Greg’s brother turned out to look half as good as Greg had a couple of years back, any wait would have been worth it.

“He was across town, spending the night with friends. I had to take my cycle over to get him.”

“There aren’t going to be any problems are there?” Stellan asked. “With these friends, I mean?”

“I’ve taken care of everything,” Greg assured him.

Stellan took Greg at his word. There was little reason to doubt what he said.

“Shall we go take a look, then?” Stellan asked.

Stellan scooted off his bar stool and headed for the door. At the door he stopped, placing a restraining hand on Greg’s arm.

“I want you to let me handle this, Greg, do you understand? Just point him out to me and then go back into the bar. I don’t want him putting up a big front to prove something to his big brother. Come on back outside in fifteen minutes and if he’s still here you’ll know I decided against taking him.”

Stellan pulled open the door and stepped outside. After the heat of the bar the cool night was a blessed relief.

Greg was disturbed to see that his brother was surrounded by several members of that group which had been hanging around outside the bar. It wasn’t that Greg feared for Sean’s safety. He was afraid that Sean was suddenly finding out from other kids his own age that he could get the kind of action he wanted by hanging around outside this bar or one of several others. Being a leather groupie wasn’t the safest thing around. That was why Greg had wanted to select who would bring Sean out in the B & D scene. That was why Greg had come to Stellan.

“Well?” Stellan asked. He had a rough idea of what Greg was probably thinking and could feel sympathetic in regard to the young man’s concern

for his younger brother.

“He’s the one astraddle my bike,” Greg said, reluctantly turning back to the door of the bar. Stellan’s voice stopped him.

“Your brother has a name, I presume?”

“Sean,” Greg said. He put his hand on the door and disappeared back into the tavern.

The emergence of Greg and Stellan from the building had not been missed by the small group which had gathered around Sean, nor by the other kids who still leaned in the shadows.

They watched Stellan, throats gone dry in anticipation of what this hunky stud might have to offer them by way of an evening’s entertainment. Everyone seeing Stellan could somehow intuitively know that here was someone with the key to the secrets for which they were searching.

One, a sixteen-year-old stud called Toby, knew more than from intuition. He’d accompanied Stellan to one of the past club meetings, and he was anxious to go for seconds. He stepped out of the shadows and into the light supplied by a streetlight. He wanted to be sure Stellan saw him.

Stellan saw Toby, all right, remembered him well, too. If Sean didn’t feel right, Toby would be a good substitute. At least Stellan wouldn’t have to spend the rest of the night beating the bushes for candidates.

Look-wise, Sean certainly didn’t appear to be a dud. Surprisingly enough, he didn’t look anything like Greg but still managed to be a handsome young stud in his own right. Sean had dark hair, dark eyes, well-tanned complexion. He was dressed in faded jeans that clung to well-developed legs and molded over a cock which seemed big enough in the bulge it formed at his youthful crotch. The light blue T-shirt molded over a well-defined chest and belly.

Stellan checked out Sean and Sean, in turn, took an appraisal of Stellan.

When Greg had told Sean that Stellan would see him, might possibly take him to one of the more well-known leather sessions (Greg’s tales of his couple of experiences at Stellan’s sessions always managed to give Sean a hard-on), Sean could hardly believe his good luck. Now that he saw what Stellan looked like, Sean appreciated his stroke of good fortune. In his

masturbatory fantasies, Sean had more than once tried to conjure Stellan from the description his brother had given him. However, seeing the real man, Sean realized his dreams had not done Stellan justice. Jesus, but there was something god-awful exciting about all that blond masculinity poured into the contrasting black leather.

Sean's cock was growing hard. He wondered if Stellan could see the crawl of his prick as it swelled inside his pants.

Stellan advanced toward the group. The kids knew Stellan was out looking and that one of them would possibly be going with him that evening. While Sean had every right to hold out the most hope that he would be the one chosen, the other kids weren't about to give up their own anticipation until after they were damned sure they didn't have a chance.

Stellan decided to waste little time.

"Shouldn't you little bastards be home sucking your mothers' tits?" Stellan asked. "Or are you here to suck bigger and better things?"

"What do you have to offer?" one of them asked, taking the initiative. "Something a lot better than tit by the looks of it."

Stellan ignored him.

"You there on the cycle, get your ass over here!" Stellan said, addressing Sean.

Sean moved uncertainly but without obvious hesitation.

Stellan wondered what Greg had told him. He hoped Greg hadn't told Sean too much. Some young kids, who would have been excellent converts under expert hands, were mined when taken under the well-meaning wings of people who didn't know shit about the leather scene and what it was all about.

"You know what I've got in these pants?" Stellan asked Sean, more impressed with the boy close up than he had been from the distance.

"Yes, sir," Sean answered. Had Greg told him to say sir. Christ, Stellan hoped Greg hadn't spoiled this one. Although, it wasn't necessarily a bad sign to find a kid who knew from the beginning that he was playing a subservient role.

“I’ve got a hard cock here, and it needs sucking. Why don’t you get down on your knees right here and now and see what you can do for it?”

A kid who had been through the scene before would have hopped to the command without any hesitation, would have been down on his knees in no time flat, pulling out Stellan’s cock and eating it up. It didn’t make any damned difference that there were kids standing around watching, or that they were on a public street.

Sean, though, hadn’t been through it before, because, although he did drop to his knees, he did so slowly, uncertainly, as if he thought it must be some kind of a test.

At least the kid obeyed, even if he didn’t do so as quickly as he would one day be trained to do. Someone who probably wasn’t suited to the scene would have balked completely. That wasn’t to say that some rebels weren’t really good slave material. Many a rebel was just looking for a master butch enough to beat the fucking shit out of him. Once such a kid got his comeuppance, he was usually a better slave than one who had come up the other way.

However, in dealing with young teenagers, Stellan didn’t go for the brutality program. You didn’t knock a young school kid black and blue and then send him home to mommy and daddy who asked a lot of questions. Stellan had no desire to find himself in the center of some national scandal. Stellan picked the young kids for his sessions as carefully as he selected the group who eventually joined the select club that used the back room of the gym.

“If I’d had to take a piss, I’d have had to do it in my pants by now,” Stellan said accusingly. “You can’t suck my cock until you get it out, so why don’t you get to it or let somebody else have at it?”

Stellan could tell by the nods and agreement that there was more than one taker in the crowd who would have gladly moved quickly in and made fast work of Stellan’s cock.

Little did they know, it would have been that very eagerness on their part which would have turned Stellan off to them. Half the fun Stellan derived from a slave was in personally training him. It was far more exciting to have his cock serviced on a public sidewalk by a kid who’d

never done that trip before than it would have been getting blown by ten other young studs who had put in their apprenticeships on some other master's hard cock.

Sean pulled down the heavy zipper. Through the gaping, he could see the blond pubic hairs and the base of the heavy cock. The sidewalk was hard beneath Sean's knees. His cock had swollen to a painful impasse in his pants and needed an adjustment before it could swell even further.

"Come on, cocksucker, it's not going to bite you," Stellan encouraged. "Just reach in and pull it out."

Stellan suspected what Sean was thinking. No doubt, the kid was torn between continuing and quitting.

Sean reached into the opened fly, feeling the warmth of Stellan's crotch, feeling the wiry softness of Stellan's blond pubic hairs. He found Stellan's cock all right; although, it seemed impossible something as big as a wrist could actually be growing between Stellan's legs.

"That's some progress, but we're not home yet, are we?" Stellan asked.

Sean hooked his fingers around the massive girth of the cock and tried to pry free the thick inches. The cock reluctantly obliged. Sean, who had a clue as to the cock size just from the feel, wasn't as surprised as some of the audience when the cock became visible.

"Jesus Christ!" someone exclaimed.

Sean gripped the neck of the cock, finding it too thick to completely circumvent. He gave a couple of experimental masturbatory strokes to satisfy a desire to feel the movement of the cock flesh against his fingers. The movements brought a pooling of sticky preseminal juices to the cockhead.

"If I'd wanted my meat beaten, I could have done it myself," Stellan said.

Even before Stellan had finished his sentence, he was surprised to find his cock being swallowed by the warmth of Sean's mouth. The resulting excitement was tremendous. There was something about being blown by this young stud on the sidewalk of a public street, while more young studs

looked on with envy and with cock-bulged crotches, that made Stellan hotter than hell.

The fact that at any minute a car could drive by and get an eyeful of what was happening only made Stellan's excitement greater.

Sean licked the head of Stellan's cock, surprised at himself for how quickly he'd actually come to be doing what he was doing. Certainly when Greg had brought Stellan with him out of the bar, Sean had never suspected he'd be, seconds later, on his knees before his handsome stud, sucking up this handsome cock.

Sean was certainly no stranger to hard cock. He'd been eating Greg's ever since he'd first seen it and Greg had shown him what to do with it. But Sean had never sucked cock in a public place, never in front of an audience. But Stellan had said suck, and Sean had done as he'd been told.

Sean chewed on the cockhead, bowed to suck the corona deep into his throat. The discharge of preseminal juices tasted salty but not unpleasantly so.

Sean felt the corners of his mouth being stretched. His eyes looked down the prick, that broad expanse of cock-flesh looked even more formidable. The boy's tongue moved over Stellan's cock, washing the mass the way Greg had told him he'd liked it.

Stellan put his hands into Sean's dark hair, feeling how soft the strands were as they flowed between his fingers. Sean had successfully swallowed up a good two thirds of Stellan's cock; but, Stellan wanted all of his meat rammed up Sean's sucking throat. He pushed the boy's head downward toward the base of his erected cock.

Sean felt the pressure Stellan was exerting on the top of his head; however, he had also been ready for it. Greg, when getting his cock sucked, often did the same thing. After much practice, though, Sean had learned to accommodate cock as fast as Greg had desired to feed it to him. Stellan seemed to want his cock up his mouth no faster than Greg usually wanted. Of course, Stellan had more to offer than his brother did.

Several of the watching kids were getting excited by the scene taking place in front of them. A couple were actually beginning to unzip to free

their meat. Those cocks, once revealed, didn't have to wait long for servicing.

Stellan, his own cock getting sucked like sixty, watched as other kids dropped to their knees beside Sean on the pavement, as other cocks suddenly were brought out into the open for eating. At that moment, there was probably more sexual activity taking place there on the sidewalk than there was inside the bar.

Sean's lips gummed the root of Stellan's cock. He swallowed around the plug of the cock, feeling his throat collapse around the mass of Stellan's meat. The result was a new mess of preseminal juices leaking into the boy's sucking throat.

Sean put his hands on the man's hips, feeling the softness of the leather that shielded the warmth of the male flesh. Sean smelled the stimulating aroma of Stellan's crotch.

Stellan was having a good trip. He moved his hips sensuously, ecstatically aware of the way his cock penetrated Sean's throat and then pulled free until only his cockhead was held entrapped behind the pursed lips.

Sean again went down, pausing there for a fraction of a second before rearing back up along the total length of the cock. His compressed lips masturbated the cock. Up and down. Down and up. Jesus, it felt good sucking on this giant hunk of cock!

Stellan fucked Sean's mouth, indicating the cadence he wanted by pushing on the boy's head. Sean might have been only fifteen, but he certainly knew, how to give head. Greg certainly hadn't made any wrong moves in teaching Sean how to suck cock: which only made Stellan again suspect that Greg would have been one hell of a leather devotee if he'd ever given himself half the chance.

A car was coming down the street, moving slowly. Cops? Could be. The police were known to cruise the area quite often, especially when the word came down from the top that it was about time to begin harassing the gays.

Just watching the car get closer was one hell of a turn-on, and Stellan knew suddenly that he'd just keep right on going as if it were the most



natural thing in the world to be getting his rocks off in this part of town on this particular sidewalk.

Actually, the row of parked motorcycles offered a bit of shielding from the street; although, it would be too hard to figure out what was happening.

Stellan didn't fear the casual passersby. As shocked as they might be, they offered little actual threat. By the time they'd indignantly gone off to make their calls to the police, Stellan would have long emptied his load up Sean's face and been gone. It was the idea of the police which was the more unsettling. Cops could be fucking nasty about gays doing their thing in public. Yet, Stellan felt a strange sexual satisfaction in maintaining his cool while his companions were definitely beginning to sweat.

Seeing that Stellan showed all intentions of fucking Sean's face come hell or high water, some of the kids on the sidewalk began to drift together in an effort to provide a shield.

The car came to a stop a block away and parked. The lights went out.

A couple of minutes later, two guys got out. They were wearing leather. The kids with Stellan were relieved. Stellan was, too, up to a point. The two could be vice.

Stellan, continuing to screw Sean's face, was a bit apprehensive as the guys approached. Maybe they were coming slowly only because they knew any fast moves would cause their quarry to bolt like a bunch of frightened rabbits.

Sean was aware that something was going to happen. Still, Stellan hadn't notified Sean, so Sean made no movement to differ the sucking rhythm he'd achieved over Stellan's cock. In truth, despite the danger of what he was doing, Sean felt somehow safe and protected there on the sidewalk, sucking Stellan's cock.

Sean was sucking in good form now, his lips easily riding up and down the length of the cock in a smooth, easy cadence. His hands had slipped from Stellan's hips to the man's ass, his fingers cupping the leather contours of the ass-cheeks.

Stellan gave a subconscious sigh of relief when he recognized one of the guys.

No cops, these! Stellan had once fucked the tall one. And it was the tall one who veered away from the bar entrance to come over to join Stellan. The tall one's younger companion seemed a bit nervous.

"Mind if I join you?" the tall one asked, not waiting for consent that was hardly needed. He quickly unbuttoned the three snaps that held his cock concealed behind leather pants and let his rope-like mass of cock fall out. Immediately, a redheaded kid, the one Stellan had seen earlier, came out of nowhere to go down to take it.

"Looks like we timed our arrival just about right, doesn't it?" the tall guy said. He dug his fingers hard into the redhead's hair, pushing the kid's face all the way into his crotch, turning his attention to the youth who was obviously gagging on his mouthful: "Eat it cocksucker! And if you bite it, I'll kick the living shit out of you!"

The younger newcomer looked uncomfortable; but, apparently not wanting to seem too chicken to play this particular game, he slowly undid his pants and pulled out his cock. The cock was certainly hard enough. Two hungry kids almost bumped heads making a simultaneous dive for it.

Stellan turned his attention back to Sean.

Sean's sucking on Stellan's cock, combined with the other exciting aspects of this suck, was taking its toll.

Stellan's healthy and cum-bulged balls had pulled up to the base of his cock. His cock was swelling larger, becoming even more blood-glutted, and Stellan knew his time wasn't all that far off: which suited him just fine. He'd been lucky this time, tempting fate and winning when the car turned out to be filled with brothers under the sexual skin, but Stellan was never one to tempt fate twice. God only knew who or what would be in the next car to drive by.

Sean's mouth and throat had made themselves at home around Stellan's cock.

"Eat it!" Stellan commanded, thrusting his hips out and pushing down on the boy's head.

Even Stellan was frankly surprised at the intensity of his pleasure when his nuts let go, blasting the thick and creamy deluge of spunk into Sean's

hungry mouth and throat. Stellan growled in response to the pleasure that had suddenly taken hold of him, his fingers locking into Sean's scalp as his cock pulsed free its load of hot cum.

Sean held tightly to Stellan's body, afraid the spasms would somehow pull Stellan's cock free of his sucking mouth. Sean's fingers dug into the leather stretched across Stellan's butt. Sean swallowed, eating all of Stellan's cum.

Then it was over, and Stellan was easing his cock free of Sean's mouth. Sean reluctantly surrendered his prize, his tongue busy lapping to savor the last of Stellan's cum.

Stellan stuffed his cock into his pants, doing so slowly as if he had all of the time in the world.

"Get up," Stellan instructed Sean. All around them, there were the sounds of men climaxing or on the verge of orgasm. Stellan led the way to his motorcycle which was parked along with the others.

Sean followed, excited in his knowledge that the evening had just begun for him.

Just before Stellan pulled the bike out into the roadway, Sean mounted securely behind him, Stellan caught a glimpse of Greg by the side of the bar door. Stellan wondered vaguely how long he'd been there. Then suddenly the powerful machine began to move.

There were still a lot of things to do before the club meeting began.

## CHAPTER SEVEN

Jimmy and Stan were still a little uneasy in the gym after dark, but they were both confident the feeling would pass. This was their third time since Jimmy had gone out that one afternoon and had a duplicate made of the key which he'd managed to pilfer for an hour from Stellan's desk.

After navigating the stairway in the dark, opening another door into the weight room, Jimmy switched on the lights. Stan followed the young boy into the room.

The two wasted little time in getting down to business. David had dropped Jimmy off at the late movie and was coming back to the theater in an hour and a half to pick the boy up.

When they finished with what they'd come here to do, Jimmy would go back to the theater, wait somewhere out of sight until the theater let out, and then mingle in the crowd until he spotted his father.

Right now, however, Jimmy didn't want to think about his father. All he wanted to think about was right here next to him: Stan's body quickly becoming naked. A little over an hour was a hell of a short time for a good suck-and-fuck session, but they had to make do with what little time they could scrounge.

A sound? Jimmy thought he heard a sound. Somebody coming? Despite his apprehension, Jimmy did not stop stripping. Too often these night sounds had turned out to be nothing. He'd grown convinced, as had Stan, that this sound was just one of the other sounds that came after dark.

His shirt off, Jimmy sat down on a low bench to untie his tennis shoes. Stan's shoes and socks were off, his pants and shirt thrown over the dumbbell rack. He was pulling down his undershorts.

Jimmy paused to admire Stan's body. Jimmy had always enjoyed looking at Stan's well-defined physique. Stan certainly looked good nude, his body having improved since he'd joined Stellan's gym.

Jimmy threw the last of his clothes on the pile. He turned to Stan whose nakedness was reflected by a series of mirrors along the walls as he

examined the jump rope which had been draped over a hook on one wall.

“Decided you’d rather skip rope?” Jimmy asked, smiling.

When Stan rejoined Jimmy at the mirror, he brought the jump rope with him.

“Want to try something a little different this time around?” Stan asked, his grin mischievous-looking.

“We don’t have much time for anything too fancy,” Jimmy said, seeing by one of the two wall clocks in the room that their time was passing fast.

“This won’t take long,” Stan said. “Come on over here, and we can get set up in a matter of seconds.

“Just what is it you’ve got in mind?” Jimmy asked, following Stan to a chrome-plated piece of gym equipment that had bars on all four sides.

“Take this rope and tie my wrists to the bar up there,” Stan said, pointing to the crossbar holding the pulleys that aided the weight lifter in hoisting weights.

“And then?” Jimmy asked, his curiosity aroused.

“Then when I’m tied and helpless, you can take advantage of my body. Would you like that?”

“Where do you want to be tied again?” Jimmy smiled.

The idea of fucking Stan now was an exciting prospect indeed. The idea of tying Stan up brought a surprisingly new degree of anticipation. Why was that? Had Stan found the idea exciting when he’d thought it up a few moments before? Maybe he’d been thinking of introducing this into their sex for quite some time. Either way, it made little difference to Jimmy.

Jimmy liked the idea of tying Stan to the metal crossbar. While his cock had already been well on its way to a completely solid state as he disrobed, it had gone rock hard almost immediately when Stan had made his suggestion.

As Stan lifted his arms into position, Jimmy stood on the small padded stool nearby to tie the rope around Stan’s wrists and then around the bar. Stan knew this hadn’t been an entirely spontaneous undertaking. Stan had

been thinking of ways to vary their fucking for a long time now. Not that he'd tired of fucking with the boy. Christ, no! It was just that variety was the spice of life, so to speak, and Stan had always liked a bit of experimentation in his sex.

"There," Jimmy said, finally satisfied with what he'd done: it had taken longer than he'd anticipated. "How's that feel?"

Stan tested the rope, his wrists secured. Stan found his present situation exciting: tremendously so. His cock was bone hard, drooling juices along the hardness of his belly. His balls were already partially elevated. He actually found himself looking forward to getting his asshole plugged with Jimmy's young, hard cock, helpless to resist that battering cock inside of his bowels.

"I feel really tied up," Stan said, looking over his shoulder at the naked youth who now had dismounted the stool and stood behind him. "And now, I wonder, what will you do with me?"

It was then, quite suddenly, that Jimmy realized the position of power he was in: power over an older, stronger human being. It was a heady feeling.

Jimmy was pleasantly pleased that Stan had submitted. It sent chills racing up and down the spine. Still...

"There's a lot of things I'd like to do with you," Jimmy said. "However, considering the time factor, you're going to have to settle for a screw. Please don't scream too loudly, because we don't want to rouse the neighborhood."

Fucking Stan was easier said than done; at least, it was for the moment. Since Stan was taller than Jimmy, the two had always canceled out the difference in height by fucking dog-style: Stan on his knees, Jimmy coming at him from behind.

Now, with Stan hanging from his uplifted arms, his feet planted firmly on the floor, the two bodies couldn't properly align for an ass-fuck.

Jimmy's hard cock poked Stan's lower ass, the tip capable of touching the pucker of Stan's butt; however, in order to push the cock in, Jimmy was going to need a little elevation.

The bench Jimmy had stood on to tie Stan's wrists was frankly too high. So were the other exercise benches scattered around the room. For a few seconds, it looked as if they would be thwarted until they either lowered Stan's hanging body a bit or elevated Jimmy.

Jimmy solved the problem by hoisting a fifty-pound dumbbell off the rack and carrying it over to drop behind Stan's feet. Jimmy stood on the round weights on each end of the small bar and found it gave him just the additional height he needed—if the dumbbell didn't roll out from underneath him.

Now that Jimmy was standing on the dumbbell, his left hand holding Stan's shoulder for support, this position wasn't going to be half bad. With a little more planning, it might have developed into something really worthwhile. Time, though, was in short supply. With this latest innovation, it was likely to end up being one of those quickie ass-fucks.

Stan's muscles were stretched into unfamiliar lines, veering toward the center of his chest and belly, seeming to focus the eye on the hard and jutting hunk of cock thrusting upward from his crotch. Below the shaft of cock hung a mass of scrotum and testicles. It was exciting to see Stan's body so helpless, so evidently turned on by what was happening to it. That excitement was only increased for Stan by the feeling of movement behind him as Jimmy prepared to begin the fuck.

Jimmy was more than ready to begin. He'd spit several times into the palm of his right hand, smearing the spit over his erected cock. As he rubbed the saliva over the cockhead, his movements coaxed free additional lubricant in the form of translucent preseminal juices. When his cock was sufficiently soaked to make the initial penetration of Stan's ass, Jimmy wiped the excess lubricant along the crease of Stan's butt, centering on the brown eye of the pucker.

Still holding to Stan's left shoulder for support, Jimmy used his right hand to run his cock downward along the crease, centering his cockhead on the opening of the hole.

Suddenly Jimmy had another idea, one which would get the old asshole even more sopped with spit and ready for cock. Jimmy stepped down off the dumbbell, both hands on Stan's ass to pry open the ass-cheeks. Jimmy

squatted down on his haunches, quickly bringing his head into the butt. Jimmy smelled the heady muskiness of young male butt.

Jimmy licked. He rolled his tongue, put the moist tip of it to the pucker and pushed it in passed the sphincter. The flavor was delicious. Jimmy wet the asshole as deeply as possible in preparation for the penetration by his hard cock.

Stan was really enjoying this unexpected treat of getting his butt fucked with tongue before it got fucked by cock. He swung his ass back to grind it against Jimmy's face, jiggling to work the tongue even further inside his body.

Jimmy was glad he'd thought of eating out Stan's ass. Now begun, he was reluctant to leave off what he was doing until he had thoroughly licked the area clean.

Keeping the buns propped open, Jimmy ran his right hand upward and around Stan's thigh, in search of Stan's hard cock. Finding the mass of balls first, Jimmy squeezed, massaging the gonads within their sac, pulling the two nuts downward so that the contracted flesh of the sex bag was forced to stretch.

Stan groaned: a combination of the pleasure derived from Jimmy's continued eating of his ass and the pain coming from his balls.

Stan's arms were beginning to hurt, especially when he relaxed his legs and let his whole weight be supported by the rope at his wrists. This additional discomfort somehow also enhanced the pleasure. So far, Stan was damned glad he'd thought of letting Jimmy string him up and have at his body.

Jimmy released Stan's balls, the skin of the scrotum immediately contracting back. Jimmy went for Stan's cock, feeling the massive uplifting of male meat. Jimmy's fingers trailed up the cock, fisting around the mass. Jimmy stroked the cock several times, timing each downward pull of the loose outer skin over the hard inner core to coincide with the inward flick of his tongue up Stan's asshole.

Jimmy continued his combination tongue-fuck and hand-job until he'd siphoned up all the distinct flavors which had clung to Stan's butt. Jimmy



knew he was ready to get on with stuffing his ass with something decidedly larger and harder than his tongue.

Jimmy stopped eating ass and stood up. The boy took a few seconds to repeat those lubricating movements which spread saliva over his hard prick. The boy again milked his cock for additional lubricant. Jimmy slicked the whole mess over the cockhead, stepping back up on the dumbbell to get his cock correctly aligned with the spit-drenched asshole.

Jimmy nudged his pelvis forward, working the head of his cock into the mouth of the pucker. He felt the small hole yawn open, felt the entrance of his cock as it was aided by a backward bucking of Stan's lower body. The corona of Jimmy's cock was sucked into the asshole, Stan's asshole gumming tightly to the neck of the cock just below the flaring of the glans.

His cock partially screwed up the butt, Jimmy put his hands on Stan's hipbones, holding for balance and in preparation for feeding Stan even more cock.

Jimmy drove his thick inches hard and fast up Stan's butt in one mighty plunge because Stan was so helpless to prevent it. The inches of Jimmy's cock streamlined up the bowel, the entrance made easier by the mess of lubricating spit which lubed the passage.

Stan, who hadn't been expecting such a butt load so fast after the slowness of the beginning, grunted out his surprise. He opened his mouth, followed his initial grunting with a low animalistic growl.

"Fucking easy, kid," Stan moaned, seeing his reflection now through blurred vision.

Jimmy, completely home up Stan's ass, ground his young flat belly into Stan's ass-cheeks, scratching his pubic hair against Stan's muscular buns, stirring his cock up Stan's butt. The pleasure derived from the slide of his cock up the ass had bordered close to excruciating.

Jimmy wanted more pleasure now: so much pleasure that it would cause the explosion of his cum into Stan's helpless and virile body.

Holding Stan's hips, Jimmy pulled his cock back out, pausing with only his cockhead lodged in Stan's rectum. No sooner was he out, however, than he was pushing in again, his belly quickly slapping into Stan's butt.

“Oh, Jesus, oh, Jesus, oh, Jesus,” Stan mumbled as he felt one of Jimmy’s bun-squashing thrusts become hastily followed by another and another and another.

Jimmy could see the taut muscles on Stan’s back, could hear Stan’s groans. Whether or not these were reactions to Stan’s pain or pleasure, Jimmy suddenly didn’t care. It was pleasure for Jimmy: more pleasure all the time.

Jimmy continued to fuck, carried away by the unexpected intensity of the moment. His cock came out, jammed back in to hit Stan’s prostate prior to gliding even deeper into the anal depths beyond. Each time the cock head found its way into Stan’s body, it was followed by inch after delicious inch of Jimmy’s hard cock.

The cock would dive in to its balls, those balls slapping against Stan’s sweat-sheened ass.

Jesus, it was lovely for Jimmy. Again Jimmy felt the delicious gummeling of the contracting ass against his fucking cock.

Jimmy’s intense passions were understandable in that it was the first time he’d ever fucked a completely helpless man. There was something about the sense of power over Stan which was transferred into the sexual act itself. Jimmy was dominant in this sex. He was the master. He was in control. His word was law. His needs were paramount.

Despite Jimmy getting carried away with his fucking, Stan certainly wasn’t suffering any by the brutal jabs of the young cock back and forth inside of his butt. Stan was enjoying, too. Christ, Stan was riding on a sexual high. He was turned on to watching in the mirror the way his body shook every time Jimmy jabbed into his butt.

Stan was excited by the way his cock weaved in front of his stomach, by the way his balls constricted. As far as Stan was concerned, Jimmy could go on playing butch rapist forever.

If he could have kept going forever, Jimmy probably would have. However, Jimmy really wasn’t sophisticated enough in his sexual control to keep the swelling ecstasy in abeyance for long. He was doing his sexual dance way too fast to make it last for long. He’d soon burn himself out. He knew it.

Oh, God, yes, he knew it; but, there was nothing on God's green earth that could be done about it.

"Rape me!" Stan breathed huskily. "Rape the shit out of me!"

Jimmy's hips suddenly seemed out of control.

Fuck, yes, Jimmy would rape Stan's ass!

He'd rape it, screw it, fuck it, corn-hole it until even someone of Stan's experience would know he'd been fucked by a real man!

Jimmy ran his arms upward around Stan's chest, his fingers finding Stan's hard nipples and pinching them: pinching them hard. The nipples became even more solid beneath Jimmy's manipulations.

The new stimulus almost drove Stan crazy. Jimmy had surprised Stan. The kid, even in his throes of ecstasy, seemed to know what Stan needed and wanted.

Jimmy wasn't finished with his surprises. While his right hand continued to twist and tweak the taut nipple, Jimmy's left hand dropped down Stan's belly, passed the cock, closed in with a vengeance on the compacted bag of balls.

"Oh, fucking, bastard!" Stan wheezed, feeling his balls crushed by Jimmy's squeezing fingers. The resulting dull ache sunburst through Stan's lower belly and moved even further throughout his body. Surprisingly enough, it wasn't a totally unpleasant sensation. Hyped on sex as he was, Stan actually enjoyed and found the new pain another supplement to the pleasure building inside of him.

Jimmy continued fucking. There was little else he could have done even if he'd wanted to: he was that caught up in the screw. Jimmy's animal instincts had taken complete control of his body; and, these drives called out for one thing and one thing only: orgasm.

Jimmy's chest was sweaty, sticking to Stan's back, his belly sticking to Stan's butt. The gym was filled with the sounds of flesh butting flesh, of low guttural groans, of cock sucked up asshole.

Jimmy freed Stan's balls. His hand came upward. The boy leaned his left cheek and chest into Stan's muscular back. Jimmy's hips still pumped,

still worked the cock up the ass like a piston gone wild.

Jimmy's cock blasted; and, Jimmy, in an effort to get his exploding cock buried as deeply as possible up Stan's clutching asshole, lifted both of his legs and wrapped them around Stan's lower body. Like a monkey, the boy clung to Stan's body, his cock pulsing out its load inside Stan's butt.

Without anything physically working on his cock, Stan managed to climax anyway. The combination of sensations had all reacted to throw him into orgasm at approximately the same instant Jimmy's hot spunk was spewing to baste his battered prostate.

The two remained totally caught up in their individual and combined pleasure for well over a minute. Wave after wave of ecstasy passed through them as Jimmy's cum blasted up Stan's ass, and as Stan's hot and heavy semen splattered its designs on the mirror in front of him.

## CHAPTER EIGHT

Jimmy? Stan? Naw, Barry was obviously mistaken. Although, it sure as hell looked like them. But what would they be doing around here at this time of night?

Barry checked out the lock on the front door. It was secured and locked. Barry peered through the glass, cupping his hands to either side of his face as he searched the shadows of the stairwell. Nothing!

Barry shrugged and headed back for the alley. He knocked the code on the back door and waited. He expected Stellan to open it immediately and was, therefore, a bit concerned when the door remained closed. He waited a couple of minutes and then knocked again. This time, much to Barry's relief, there was the sound of the disengaging lock, and the door slid open.

"Sorry I wasn't here to let you in," Stellan said, stepping back to let Barry through. "I'm running a little late this evening."

They passed down a flight of steps, through a couple of rooms now used for storage, and they ended up in the boiler room where all the heating equipment for the gym facilities were located.

"You want me to give you a hand setting up?" Barry asked. He always came early just in case.

"No, I think I've about got it taken care of," Stellan said. He switched on a light, walked to a refrigerator that stood against one wall, opened the door. "How about a drink while I catch my breath?"

"Sure, why not? Make it a grapefruit, will you?"

Stellan took out a can of grapefruit juice and tossed it to Barry. He picked one out for himself, then sank down on a convenient stool. He eyed Barry who was leaning against the wall.

"I had an unexpected interruption this evening," Stellan said.

"Wouldn't have had something to do with Stan and Jimmy, would it?" Barry ventured. "Coming in, I thought I spotted them both."

“You should have been in here, and you’d have seen a hell of a lot more of them,” Stellan commented wryly.

“You let them in?” Barry asked with amazement.

“Would you believe they had a key to the front door?”

Barry whistled.

“They did manage to answer one question I’ve been curious to know,” Stellan said. “I think we can begin recruitment of Stan into our little group. He certainly likes boys.”

“He and the kid got into a little action?” Barry asked, obviously curious.

“Didn’t they, though? You should have seen it. It would have fit right in with this evening’s session in the back room.”

“Well, you’d about decided to approach Stan anyway, hadn’t you?”

“You like Stan, don’t you?” Stellan asked, finishing off his juice and fondling the empty can.

“He’s very attractive,” Barry admitted.

Actually, Barry suspected what lie behind the question. Undoubtedly, Stellan, in his loss of interest over the years in Barry, was looking for a convenient way of easing Barry out of his life. What easier and more ideal way than by having Barry take up with someone else? Well, Barry wasn’t upset over the insinuation.

Quite frankly, Barry did find Stan attractive; and, if Stellan had a way that Barry might get some action out of Stan, then Barry, at this point, certainly wasn’t going to pass the opportunity up.

“I thought maybe we’d put you in charge of Stan’s recruitment,” Stellan said. “Do you think you can handle it?”

“I think so,” Barry answered, sucking up the last of the juice in his six-ounce can. “Shall I begin immediately?”

“Not tonight,” Stellan grinned, standing and dropping his empty juice can into the wastepaper basket at his feet. “Tonight I have something else in mind for your considerable talents. Why don’t you come on back and see

what I've managed to scrounge up by way of entertainment for this evening?"

"Got us a live one to play with, did you?"

Stellan didn't reply but led the way out of the boiler room, through the weight room where the smears of Stan's hastily mopped-up cum could still be evidenced on the mirror, and into Stellan's office. Barry followed Stellan through the closet and into the back room.

Sean hung from chains attached to the ceiling. He hung from one arm and one leg in a painful position. His other arm and leg were fastened with restrainers that were attached by short chains to bolts in the floor. The chains on the latter were so short that the boy's arm and leg had very limited ranges of movement.

"Nice," Barry commented, moving in closer for a better look.

Sean was naked. He was blindfolded and gagged. Stellan had also affixed a metal cockring around Sean's scrotum. The smaller ring had a chain attached to it that dangled downward toward the floor, a two-pound weight hanging suspended in the air from the other end.

"You're to be congratulated as usual, Stellan," Barry said with genuine appreciation for the body hanging in front of him. "He's superb."

Barry ran his hand along Sean's naked flanks, feeling the soft skin, the muscle beneath, the warmth of living flesh. He had long ago noted that the kid's cock was hard. Even the pain on the balls exerted by the hanging weight hadn't been sufficient to squelch this young boy's excitement.

The blindfold and the gag concealed much of Sean's facial features; but, Barry suspected they were a match to the handsome body. Stellan had always had impeccable taste in male flesh.

Barry moved around behind the youth, running his hands over the firm young butt. Barry was getting horny. Already he was anticipating how the night might go. He could be envious that Stellan was the one scheduled to be in charge of the session.

This young stud offered a hell of a lot of potential; and, the master in charge of the session usually got the most use out of the slave on display. But then, it was only fair Stellan got the most out of the slave he'd selected.

If the kid worked out, there'd be plenty of other sessions wherein Barry could get his fill.

Barry sucked on the fuck finger of his right hand, wetting it down with spit. He then worked it into the crease of the kid's ass and found the pucker. The hole was deliciously tight as Barry worked his finger into it.

Sean was glad that he was no longer alone in the room. He'd been expecting to be brought by Stellan to a room filled with sex-hungry young studs whose thighs were still sweaty from gripping those motorcycles they'd rode up on. Instead, he was taken to a downtown garage, blindfolded, and led by Stellan through an apparent labyrinth of corridors and stairways. Finally they'd come to a stop, and Stellan had gagged Sean and told him to strip down, making sure not to dislodge the gag or the blindfold.

Sean had obliged, finding it difficult at times to maintain his balance as he tried to lift one foot and then the other to remove his shoes. Undressed, Sean had then been instructed to lie down on the floor. He had done so, feeling the coolness of the linoleum against his ass. His cock had still been hard.

Sean had felt Stellan fasten bracelets to both wrists as well as to both ankles. Then came the sound of creaking chains and squeaking wood that one could easily have associated with the dungeon of some medieval castle. Sean's left arm and leg were lifted upward, and the boy felt himself being hoisted from the floor until the bindings on his right wrist and ankle prevented him from being lifted any further.

Since then (Christ, how long?), Sean had been alone, hanging in his dark world where noises were somehow stranger than any he'd heard before.

Barry worked his finger back and forth up the asshole. The damned butt was certainly tight. Virgin? Oh, Barry certainly doubted that; but, it was tight nevertheless: tight enough to strip several cocks during the evening festivities. Barry hoped his cock would be lucky enough to be one of them. The way he felt now, he wouldn't even resent sloppy seconds, thirds, fourths, or even fifths if they were offered.



Barry pulled his finger free, irresistibly bringing it to his nose to smell. Surprisingly enough, the aroma of shit was only a faint one, almost like some musky male cologne.

“You won’t get carried away now, will you, if I leave you long enough to start letting in the others?” Stellan asked. “It’s about that time, you know.”

“You mean, let me go let them in, don’t you? You’re playing master host this evening as I recall.”

“I’ve decided to forgo the privilege,” Stellan said, his lips forming an amused smile. “I thought maybe I’d let you take over the honors.”

“Me?” Barry asked, genuinely surprised.

Of course, it was the right of any master to relinquish his slave to another at any time he wanted, but it usually wasn’t done during the initial sessions. It was really a privilege to be given the responsibility for handling the initiation of another’s servant. Every master had a way he liked to handle green recruits, that method often differing from another’s technique. Things a slave were taught during the first couple of sessions were often vital in forming the kid’s character later.

Of course, Stellan knew he was fairly safe in turning Sean over to Barry, because Stellan had taught Barry almost everything the kid knew.

“Why not you?” Stellan asked. “It’s about time you were allowed a little more leeway around here, wouldn’t you say? I think you’re more than qualified to show Sean here what leather is all about.”

Stellan kicked the weight that was hung from Sean’s balls, setting it in motion. The movement painfully stretched Sean’s balls even more. Even through the boy’s gag, Stellan and Barry could hear Sean’s resulting groan. Still, Sean’s cock remained hard.

“He’s ripe for it,” Stellan continued. “If we start him out right, he might someday come to be as good at all of this as you are. Or, maybe you really don’t like him after all.”

“Christ, Stellan, don’t be an ass! What would there possibly be about him not to like?”

“It’s decided then. You’ll substitute for me this evening in leading our little baby into getting his feet wet.”

“Sure,” Barry said. “I’ll do it.”

“I’d better go then,” Stellan said. “We wouldn’t want to keep anyone waiting outside, would we?”

Sean had gotten the gist of the conversation, even though his mind was unable to concentrate too much because of the pain caused by the weighty pendulum attached to his balls. Sean didn’t know if he liked that exchange or not. He’d seen what Stellan had to offer, had actually looked forward to that blond stud taking him through the ceremony.

But who was this new one? Was he possibly some god-awful creep with pimples and an uncircumcised cock smelling of cream cheese? The transaction between Stellan and this other guy had been conducted with no consideration of his feelings. What if he didn’t want this new guy to take charge? Was he just a hanging piece of meat with no say in the matter?

Sean’s mind came back momentarily from its wanderings to focus on the moment at hand. Stellan had apparently left the room, gone to let others in. Everything was so quiet.

Suddenly Sean’s body jerked with the blow of the paddle that connected with his ass. It wasn’t the pain that sent the frightening feeling coursing through Sean’s body as much as it was the mere noise of the connection. It sounded as if lightning had struck within feet of his body. The blow of the paddle also sent the weighty pendulum swinging again, the renewed movement stretching Sean’s cum-bulged nuts even further.

Barry watched the two gonads outlined beneath the stretched flesh. Barry was excited by the sight of them; but, any further indoctrination would have to wait. The other club members wouldn’t be too happy if he began without them.

Sean began to wonder if maybe he hadn’t bit off more than he could chew. Maybe Greg had been right. Maybe it took a special kind of individual to get caught up in and then enjoy this type of a trip. It was obviously too late to call off anything. Had Sean wanted to call it off, he should have done so outside that leather bar. He should never have dropped down on his knees to suck Stellan’s cock.

Sean listened, trying to forget the ache in his shoulder and crotch caused by his hoisted position, trying to forget the numbing pain of his balls as they were strangled by the weight of the pendulum, trying to forget the tingling heat flooding through his ass as a result of the paddle.

Sean heard voices. He and his assigned master for the evening finally were being joined.

“Christ, now that is what I really call a nice piece,” Sean heard someone say.

“Amen to that,” came another new voice.

There were hands on Sean’s body, hands that fondled, caressed, explored. Again there were probing fingers up his asshole. Someone pinched his tit.

More people entered the room. There were sounds of greetings, comments on all aspects of his hanging body. More hands and fingers on his flesh. Someone else sent the weight on its chain into motion, commenting on the size of his ravaged nuts.

Time passed.

More noises filled the room; and, it seemed like every other minute someone was saying, “Barry, you goddamned lucky bastard, I hear Stellan has turned this one over to you.”

Sean waited, his mind conjuring up all sorts of visions, all sorts of wild imaginings. Would they hurt him? Would they maybe even kill him? Killings had been known to occur. There had been that killing a couple of years ago: the body found behind a leather bar, cock and balls missing, the ass ripped. S & M Killing was how all the papers put it.

Suddenly Sean realized the room was strangely quiet. The silence was somehow even more ominous than all the racket had been.

The silence was planned. When Stellan had entered the room, all present and accounted for, there had been an automatic lapse into quiet.

Sean’s mind was filled with dreadful thought, just as everyone knew it would be. It was trying to analyze, trying to make some sense out of the

strange silence. What was going on in the room? What were they all doing? Why wasn't someone saying anything?

By now, Sean had expected there would be someone fucking his ass, others lined up to follow suit.

Of course they weren't going to leave Sean hanging there all evening. The bulges evident in all those leather pants made it quite obvious that every club member had something in mind for Sean. For the moment, it was a sufficient turn-on just to stand silently, feel the oozing swell of their cocks, and imagine how it would be placing their cocks up virgin ass. That Sean's ass was probably not virgin didn't matter.

Barry prepared to wait a few more minutes before officially beginning. Everyone would think it was just to get Sean even more worried; but, in reality, Barry needed the extra minutes to complete within his own mind his plan of action for the evening. Just because Stellan had dropped out at the last minute, giving Barry the go-ahead to take charge, did not mean that Barry's fellow club members would stand for a slipshod session.

When Barry had agreed to take over from Stellan, even at the last minute, he had simultaneously accepted the responsibility of putting on a smoothly operated group session. He wasn't going to get away with a half-assed job. If he muffed, he not only lowered his estimation in the eyes of his peers but also lowered the prestige of Stellan who, besides being highly instrumental in Barry's own training, had judged Barry competent enough to handle this present session.

"Anyone have to piss?" Barry asked finally.

"Yeah, I could do with a leak," Doug said, suddenly glad he hadn't felt pressed enough on the way in to stop off in the toilet.

"Rusty, give Doug a hand, will you?"

Sean was so relieved to finally hear other sounds of life besides a couple of coughs and shuffling feet that he didn't immediately take into account what the conversation was all about. Then he felt Rusty's large hands grip his head to steady it, Doug pulled the gag out of Sean's mouth.

With the removal of the plug, Sean breathed deeply. It felt good. Up until this time, the boy had been delegated to breathing almost entirely

through his nose. The new air was appreciated. He sucked in another breath, felt it interrupted by what he assumed was the re-insertion of the gag.

It wasn't.

It was Doug's cock. The head of the cock-neck jugged snugly into Sean's mouth.

For a minute, Doug began to think he wasn't going to be able to piss after all. He had to go, all right, but he hadn't taken into account the swollen condition of his cock. He had a hard-on, and it was damned hard pissing through a boner. The trick was to pretend he had gotten up with his cock all hard and had trotted into the toilet for his morning piss.

By concentrating on the business at hand, by imagining Sean's mouth as nothing more than a toilet bowl, Doug quickly felt his cock becoming softer and the piss beginning to flow.

"Here it comes," Doug announced, several people jockeying to get a better position for viewing.

Sean was the last person in the room to know what was happening.

Even when the piss started gushing into his mouth, its saltiness registering on the boy's taste buds, Sean simply couldn't fathom that some guy, pants unzipped and cock pulled free, was pissing into his mouth.

Sean reflexively swallowed, swallowed again. "Kid takes it pretty good," Doug commented, his cock softened to a state where his piss was running out in a naturally powerful stream. "Maybe this isn't the first time he's taken piss."

Piss! It was piss. And, despite the fact that piss tasted hardly as bad as Sean could have imagined it would, he uncontrollably gagged on it anyway.

"Oh, oh, guess I spoke up too soon," Doug said. Although his cock was soft enough to piss normally, it still had retained enough bulk from its erection state so that it could successfully fill Sean's mouth. That stuffing prevented Sean from expelling all but a few drops of the yellow liquid.

The second it became evident that Sean was going to react to his forced feeding of piss, Rusty's hands clamped tight on Sean's head to keep it in place so that it couldn't be shook free of Doug's cock. Rusty moved his

crotch up close behind Sean, pressing it into the back of Sean's head to offer even firmer support.

Sean momentarily thought he was drowning. Liquid which had before been sliding easily enough down his throat now seemed to have flooded into his nasal passages. He felt piss running like snot out of his nose.

Doug saw that escape route, pinching off Sean's nostrils to prevent the flow.

Sean gasped for breath, any breath, and got nothing but a deluge of warm piss. Sean actually thought he was going to pass out, then the rest of the urine from Doug's bladder flowed to Sean's stomach with little further trouble.

Doug waited until he was sure Sean had siphoned up the last of the piss, then he pulled his cock free. The cock, gone soft during pissing, now wasted little time in regaining its previous hardness. By the time Doug stepped back to the sidelines, not bothering to stuff his cock back into his trousers, his cock was again standing tall.

"Why don't you remove the gag, Rusty?" Barry said. "We might want to follow that piss with something a bit more substantial a little later."

Rusty removed the gag. Sean was so relieved to have his mouth unplugged, he could almost forget what had just happened. He found it actually difficult to shut his mouth, it had been pried open for so long. His lips felt numb.

Rusty saw Sean's mouth moving to adjust itself to the absence of the gag, and he would have loved to shove his fat cock into that moving mouth; however, he knew he'd have to wait until he found out what Barry had in mind.

What Barry had in mind was sampling the delights up Sean's butt. It was Barry's right to get the ass first. Once he got his rocks off, he'd be able to turn his attention to directing the others. Right now, with his cock so hard it hurt, it was difficult to think of anything but getting his cock up Sean's butt. That was acceptable.

Stellan stood to one side. Oh, his cock was as hard as the rest of them, but he wasn't as hot and bothered about the scene as he could have been. He

certainly found Sean attractive. And maybe the fact that he'd already gotten his nuts off once that evening in Sean's mouth could account for his ability to stay somewhat detached at present.

The other obvious explanation for Stellan's complacency was that he truly hoped something more would come of this session than Barry fucking Sean and leaving it at that. Stellan really wanted Barry to get involved with Sean, with Stan, with anyone. Three years was an awfully long time to fuck around with the same individual. It was actually too damned long. Yet, it was, also, too damned long to just dump the kid by the wayside.

Stellan still liked Barry, liked him very much, even sexually to a certain degree. However, Stellan was ready to move on to other things. He was ready for Barry to move on, also. Sean was young. Sean was attractive. Sean would make an interesting plaything to be developed into that extra special something.

The only thing Stellan found a bit disturbing was that Sean was so attractive, so obviously just the right age, so definitely anxious to become a member of the leather scene, he seemed the natural to replace Barry in Stellan's affections.

Barry had unbuttoned his trousers, peeled back the flaps to reveal the uplifted shaft of his hard cock. He'd assigned Rusty to a position to fuck Sean's face, able to tell how much Rusty wanted it. He'd assigned Derek to suck Sean's cock: Derek was always happy to get his lips wrapped around a new cock. Barry had told Doug to use the whip, sparing no one.

To assure Doug that he would have plenty of bare flesh on which to wield the unstudded cat-o'-nine-tails, Barry stripped off his shirt and told both Rusty and Derek to do likewise.

Sean had heard Barry's instructions to the fellow club members. After drinking all of that piss, Sean realized he was about to be in for something: a fuck in the butt, a fuck in the face, and a suck of his cock. His body was about to be used and used royally. Sean found that somehow as exciting as it was frightening.

Barry signaled Doug to begin with the whipping. A few passes of the leather thongs over bared flesh could always get a person warmed up for the action. An expert with the whip, Doug made sure every person in the center

of the room got a sampling. The run of leather not only striped Sean's naked body, making the boy jerk and swing helplessly on his chains, but also ran over Rusty, Barry and Doug, tracing pathways on their flesh that soon blushed pink.

The club members about to use Sean's body accepted the lashings, knowing Doug knew how to follow through on each delivery so the thongs wouldn't break the skin and leave any scars. They were used to the sting of beating leather, were familiar with the pain, accepted both with no attempts to avoid the well-placed blows or make them less accurate.

Sean, on the other hand, knew nothing about whipping. It was only natural that he should now imagine his own body being shredded to pulp by the cutting edge of the whip leather. It was the boy's imagination that made each fall of the whip far more painful than it actually was, made the boy whimper as the thongs trailed over his chest, his belly, his cock, his ass.

"Please, no," Sean pleaded. He felt ashamed for being such a coward, remembered how he'd once promised himself he'd never beg.

"Quit whining, bastard!" Barry commanded. "You think this is bad? We've hardly begun yet. Save your fucking bawling for when you'll need it."

Doug, as if on signal, delivered a lashing over Sean's still erected cock and over the ring-strangled balls.

As a direct result of that expertly delivered blow, Sean opened his mouth to cry out, finding himself suddenly stuffed with Rusty's fat cock. The cock didn't waste any time taking advantage of the entrance, either. Within a quick second, the cockhead streamlined down Sean's throat.

"Bite it, and I'll knock the living shit out of you!" Rusty said.

Even though his throat automatically began gagging, Sean tried to remember to keep his teeth guarded with the fold of his lips. Were he to bite this cock rammed so brutally into his mouth, he couldn't even imagine the consequences. Sean fought for breath, tried desperately to will his throat to adjust to the massive cock which had been thrust, without warning, down his gullet.



Rusty held Sean's head with his hands. The way Sean was hung from the ceiling, Rusty was forced to keep the head supported so that his cock could properly align with Sean's throat. Rusty's hips moved the cock into place, enjoying the rhythm of Sean's gagging throat. Jesus, yes, this was what Rusty had wanted. Thank God Barry had the foresight to see that and assign him his position at Sean's head.

Leather connected with Derek's shoulders, stinging as the thongs slipped off the young man's back. The husky youth was on his haunches, his face even with Sean's still-hard cock.

Derek was hungry. Looking at the cock made him hungry. Derek had always liked the taste of male meat, especially when it was young and tender as this was. As if to tease himself further, he ran his fingers up and over the erected cock without yet moving his mouth to claim it. He liked the feel of the turgid flesh beneath his fingertips.

He liked the hardness of the boy's nuts which felt like overblown oranges in a bag roped off at one end. He moved the weight that still hung suspended from Sean's nuts. He watched Sean's stretched scrotum move from side to side. He leaned and put his lips to the balls. He opened his mouth, gently biting his teeth into the nuts. He pursed his lips and then sucked. The two balls crushed together as they were simultaneously sucked by Derek's mouth.

Sean's cock visibly jerked in response and, Sean growled his torment out around the plug of Rusty's cock.

Barry, meanwhile, wasn't wasting any time, either. Made hornier than hell by the sight of Rusty's cock plowed to its balls up Sean's face and Derek's hungry mouth molesting Sean's tortured balls, Barry was milking his own cock for the preseminal juices which would aid the passage of his fat cock up Sean's ass.

Barry put his hands on the boy's ass, probing the crease. Barry's right hand went back to his cock, pulling it downward from its uplifted position. He walked closer to the kid's butt.

Barry put the head of his cock to the pucker. He bucked his hips forward, feeling the pucker beginning to stretch to accommodate the fat-knobbed corona.

Sean, who was still fighting desperately to adjust to the multiple assaults on his senses caused by Rusty's now energetic fucking of his face, Derek's continued sucking on his balls, Doug's expertly delivered lashes of the whip across his skin, suddenly found a new area of contention: taking the apparently large dimensions of Barry's cock up the tightness of his asshole. And the asshole was tight, only having been fucked a few times before by Sean's brother, whose cock was large but not as large as the cock now pressing for an entrance.

His cockhead completely in, Barry put one hand on Sean's waist and the other on the boy's thigh. Barry shoved his pelvis forward. His cock slipped toward the left, driving deeper up the asshole. On the other side of Sean's body, opposite the ass Barry was beginning to screw with his hard cock, Derek had temporarily had enough of Sean's balls and was moving on to more filling territory.

Derek pulled Sean roughly to him. He kissed the head of the kid's cock running his tongue wetly over the corona, his tongue then delving into the salty gash of the cock-slit. Derek, his lips taut, moved his mouth downward over the glans. He sucked, his cheeks concaving inward to squeeze tightly against the cockhead.

Sean's body was alive with sensations. There were two which were predominant: pain and pleasure. At times, there was so much pain the pleasure seemed completely lost; then, suddenly, the pleasure was there again, swelling until the pain was superseded. The pain and the pleasure came in waves, each wave seeming somehow more intense than any that had come before it.

The pain of Barry's cock finally enlodging to its balls up his ass was followed by the delicious pleasure of his cock completely swallowed up by Derek. And continually, coming at the most unexpected moments, was the snap of the whip, the sharp contact of leather thongs on naked flesh.

Rusty, who had begun first, was well into his face fuck. Sean's mouth and throat had pretty well adjusted, forming a wet-warm enclosure into which Rusty pumped his priming cock. Each forward thrust of his hips drove the cock in to its fat root. Each withdrawal saw the cockhead become the only remaining segment of the meat enlodged in Sean's mouth.

Rusty was really fucking hard. He was so concerned with the swelling of his own approaching orgasm that he was hardly even aware of Barry's fucking, or of Derek's sucking, or of the caressing leather of the whip thongs as they hit his naked flesh and trailed across his muscular chest and belly.

Derek's face was, at that moment, pressing downward between Sean's thighs, his mouth anxiously swallowing the kid's hard cock. Quite a natural, this little stud, Derek was thinking: he'd maintained an erection through it all. Many candidates went soft almost immediately. Some never got their hardness back during the session. That sure as hell wasn't the case with Sean. Sean had never lost his boner. He'd been turned on from the beginning and had remained so despite it all.

Derek had a good view of the meat he was eating. It was a nice hunk, well-shaped, large, delicious-tasting. Some people said every cock tasted the same. That was a crock of bullshit! Every cock was unique not only in taste but in shape. Derek hadn't found a cock he didn't like; although, he did admit to liking some cock better than others.

Derek sucked, his lips sinking down the shaft to the cock base. His expert lips lashed the cock, drenching the meat in wet-warm saliva. He sucked the cock right back up to its head, his tongue rolling again to cover just the corona. He tasted preseminal juices, considering it only an appetizer for the saltier cum he would soon have coaxed free from Sean's fat balls. Suddenly hungry for that cum, Derek began the frantic bouncing of his head over Sean's cock. Back and forth. Forward and back. In and out.

Rusty ejaculated first, his cock exploding amid the man's own squeals of ecstasy and Sean's choking on the terrific load of salty fluid suddenly flooding his throat. Rusty drove his pelvis hard into Sean's face, grinding pubic hair into Sean's nose, cheeks, and chin.

Following closely behind Rusty's orgasm, Barry let go. He'd been too horny, too excited, too turned on to hold out any longer. He kept on fucking Sean's ass even while his cock was pulsing hot spunk into the boy's spasming bowels.

Sean took a little while longer to blast his nuts but not much. Derek was an expert at giving head, after all; and, Sean was still a novice by

comparison. Sean was also hyped up by the filling he'd undergone. His mouth leaked Rusty's stale spunk, his ass oozed Barry's cum.

Sean felt his own nuts letting go.

Derek, who could tell Sean was on the verge of eruption, buried himself deeply over the primed cock, his gumming lips flush to the cock. Derek's cheeks collapsed upon the dick, his throat vacuuming to coax up the sperm. Knowing full well that any weight hanging from balls during climax could be dangerous (the nuts usually contracting violently during orgasm), Derek lifted the hanging weight and relieved the pressure on Sean's scrotum as his balls released their load.

Sean couldn't believe the ecstasy.

He tried to scream out his pleasure, but he could make no sounds save a low and muted hissing. He felt his guts swirl, felt what he thought must surely be his total insides being blasted out the pulsing mouth of his cock and into Derek's greedily sucking mouth.

## CHAPTER NINE

Guilty!

There was no doubt about it: Stan felt guilty.

“You know what I’d like?” Barry had asked.

The two of them had been dressing at adjoining lockers after their afternoon workout. “I’d like you to take me home, tie me to my bed, and fuck the living shit out of me.”

That was it. Stan could have acted indignant, asked Barry just what in the hell had made him suspect that he would even consider doing such a thing. What had he done instead? Nothing. Well, not quite nothing, since his cock had almost immediately jumped to attention before he could even conceal it behind a pair of cotton undershorts.

“What do you say?” Barry had continued, not missing the state of Stan’s cock. “You could come over right now and do it.”

And Stan had said yes, said yes even though it had meant making up an excuse to Jimmy for not being able to see him that evening. And that was what had made Stan feel guilty.

Stan had lied to Jimmy, told him something about his brother’s wife having a birthday dinner, and Stan had never lied to Jimmy before.

The fact was, Stan was growing restless with Jimmy.

It had all started a couple of weeks ago; about that time, Stan had started to get a little restless, had actually started trying to think of ways to vary his sex with Jimmy.

At first he’d thought his letting Jimmy tie him to the crossbar with the rope, and later his tying Jimmy to one of the exercise benches, had been a natural transition in their sexual relationship. Well, maybe it did, but if it did, it most likely signaled the beginning of the end.

The truth of the matter was, Stan was getting the proverbial ants in his pants. It wasn’t that Jimmy was no longer good in bed. If anything he’d gotten better. It was just that Stan didn’t actually think he was cut out for

any “gay marriage” relationship. He’d been thinking that all day long, and then Barry had come right out with his proposition (and what a proposition). Almost without thinking, Stan had agreed.

Maybe it was just one of those things. Suddenly everything just clicked, fell into place. All at once, the time was apparently right: Stan somehow becoming unsatisfied with his affair with Jimmy and beginning to cast around for alternatives; Barry wondering if Stan were available and taking an obvious chance in finding out.

As Barry led the way up the stairs to his apartment, Stan guessed Barry’s suggestion that they have sex wasn’t actually as spontaneous as it had originally seemed. Really, it had all begun about two weeks before, about the time Stan and Jimmy had begun experimenting with tying each other up during sex.

Stan and Barry had seemingly just found themselves naturally gravitating toward one another. They, as often as not, found themselves doing their exercise routines during the same time slot, sharing adjoining lockers in the locker room, sitting next to each other in the sauna, the steam room, or the whirlpool bath.

Barry unlocked the door to his apartment, led the way inside. Stan followed, closing the door behind him.

“You into B & D?” Barry asked, walking through the living room and into the bedroom. He dropped his gym bag on a chair and sat down on the edge of the bed.

“Not really,” Stan confessed. He didn’t know what Barry considered “into B & D,” but he doubted Barry meant the type of novice game-playing Stan and Jimmy had been doing. “Never progressed much beyond tying and being tied.”

“Funny,” Barry said, beginning to unlace his shoes. “You reminded me right off as someone who was involved in that scene.”

“Really?” Stan asked, leaning against the doorjamb. “I hope you’re not sorry you came home with a novice.”

“I’m not so jaded that I can’t get off on normal sex,” Barry said, grinning.

“Does that mean there’ll be no tying anyone to the bed after all?” Stan asked. Actually, he’d been looking forward to having Barry’s masculine body helpless beneath the pounding of his cock.

“That is normal sex for me,” Barry said with a laugh. He’d slipped out of his shoes and had unsnapped the top button of his faded jeans.

“You’ve been into B & D fairly extensively?” Stan asked. He was curious. He’d never met anyone before who was into bondage and discipline—really into it. Stan had often fantasized how it must be, had pretended during his little charades with Jimmy and the few other people before him; but, there was something more, much more than that, more complex games that people played somewhere.

“Why put it into the past tense?” Barry asked. “I’m still in it. Does that sort of trip interest you?”

“I don’t know,” Stan said; and that was a lie. He was interested. He was interested in that select little fraternity that played with their whips, restrainers, handcuffs, brands and other torture-chamber devices. Whether Stan’s interest extended to the point of actually wanting to become a member of that fraternity was quite another matter.

“If you’re turned on by the thought of tying me to the bed, or of getting tied to the bed,” Barry said, smiling, “then what makes you think you wouldn’t get turned on to the more advanced steps?”

“It’s dangerous, isn’t it?” Stan asked, wondering if that question were half as ridiculous as it sounded.

“Dangerous?” Barry asked, appearing as if he were actually giving Stan’s question serious thought. “I suppose it is, or rather it could be; but, even something as simple as eating can be dangerous, if it’s not done properly.”

“But being tied and made helpless?”

“But by your own admission you’ve been tied up before. Didn’t you say you’d never progressed more into B & D than tying or being tied?”

“Yes, but that’s different,” Stan said, defending himself. “We weren’t really involved in the scene, if you know what I mean.”

“My friend, I would rather be tied up any day by a professional who has made his commitment and knows what he’s about than by an amateur who could hurt people in his own fumbling ignorance.”

“What all that means is that I don’t have a chance in my amateur status of tying you to the bed, right?” Stan asked, not really sure he’d figured out just where Barry’s head was at.

“You want to tie me to the bed?” Barry replied, standing and walking to the wardrobe that stood by one wall. “And I did promise you that, didn’t I? So, since I very seldom go back on my word, the question really is, what do you want to use to tie me to the bed with?”

Barry opened the wardrobe doors. On the inside of each door was a series of hooks, each hook hung with a piece of S & M tool: rope, thong, handcuffs, whip, cockring, harness.

“Jesus!” Stan said. He’d seen such equipment advertised in catalogs, seen some of it first-hand in some novelty shops; but, he’d never known any person who had a collection of their own.

“Want to tie me with ropes, rawhides or chains?”

“You weren’t kidding about being heavy into the scene, were you?”

“This little selection, you mean?” Barry asked in feigned innocence.

Stan walked to the wardrobe and lifted a pair of handcuffs off a hook. The steel was cool against his hand.

“Ah, handcuffs,” Barry said as if struck by a sudden revelation. “It’s our afternoon to play at policeman, is it?”

Barry reached into the closet and began flipping through the hangers, calling Stan’s attention for the first time to the clothes: leather pants, motorcycle jackets, military uniforms.

“Ah ha!” Barry exclaimed, proclaiming his evident success. “Here we are.”

Barry lifted out a hanger, holding the piece of attached clothing up before his body. It was a police uniform, complete with badge.



“You’re a cop?” Stan asked, somehow finding the premise ludicrous. It wasn’t that Barry wouldn’t have looked the part of a young policeman, it was just that, under the present circumstances, Stan just couldn’t picture him as being one.

“Me?” Barry asked, exploding with laughter. “Christ, no! I keep these around for butch house guests who like handcuffs. Luckily, I only bring home people about my own size. Want to try it on? Better yet, just slip on the shirt. Shirt and boots: that combination always succeeds in making me hornier than hell.”

Barry peeled the shirt off the hanger and threw it to Stan. He hung the pants back in the closet, stooping for the police boots in one corner.

“Oh, by the way, before putting on the shirt and the boots, be sure to take off all your other clothes. Otherwise the costuming somehow loses something.”

Barry set the boots by the side of the bed and began taking off his own clothes.

Stan placed the shirt over the arm of a chair, put the set of handcuffs on top of it, and began to strip. He unbuttoned his shirt and took it off, following it with his T-shirt.

“Beautiful,” Barry said admiringly. “Those pec exercises you’ve been doing have certainly added the right definition, haven’t they?”

“Pretty much,” Stan said. “I still need a little more work, though.”

Barry’s shirt and pants were off. He made a move to peel down his undershorts and then seemed to change his mind.

“I’ll leave these on for now,” Barry said, flashing Stan another wide grin. “You can try your hand at ripping them off later.”

Barry sat down on the bed, watching Stan, rather glad he’d been assigned this recruitment. Sex with Stan might not come to anything beyond the sex, but at least it was an interesting diversion. Stan was a good-looking stud, looking mighty fine all decked out in the police shirt.

“Leave the shirt unbuttoned,” Barry suggested. He tossed the boots close to Stan’s reach. “If the police department had pigs as studly as you,

I'd seriously consider taking up bestiality as a hobby."

"Thanks," Stan said, giving an accompanying grunt as he pulled on one of the boots. Stan put on the other boot.

"If you'd like to take a look at yourself, there are mirrors all over the wall," Barry said, after Stan had donned both boots.

Stan stood, walked to the mirror hung on the bedroom door to take a look. He felt a little ridiculous. He looked a little ridiculous.

"It takes a while to get used to these sort of games," Barry said, sensing how Stan was probably feeling. "It's something that feels more comfortable after you've done it a few times. Take my word for it: you look good, damned good."

Barry stood, walked the short distance to the chair to get the handcuffs Stan had laid to one side while putting on the shirt.

"The thing is to think of yourself as a rough and tumble cop," Barry said. "You're queer see, but you can't accept that. So, you pick up homosexuals, and you bring them home to take out your frustrations on them. You want to punish them, see? You want to make them pay for turning you on. Your cock becomes just one more weapon to be used against them, another billy club, right?"

"You've done this scene before, I can tell." Barry snapped one of the handcuff bracelets on his left wrist, put his hands behind his back and clamped the other bracelet on his right wrist.

"You won't turn me in, will you?" Barry asked. "I'll do anything you ask, anything, only don't take me down to the station.

For a second, Stan was confused, then he realized Barry was assuming his role. Barry's pause was now apparently an encouragement for Stan to try his hand.

"Sick queer!" Stan said, still feeling a little uncomfortable. His cock was hard, however. As silly as all of it might be, it wasn't affecting his ability to get his cock up.

"You don't need these handcuffs on me," Barry said. "Why don't you take them off. It can be a lot nicer with my hands free."

“Your hands are fine just the way they are, Stan said.

“What is it you want, then?” Barry asked. “I thought when we came here and undressed that you wanted a little.”

“A little what?” Stan filled into the pause.

“I could suck your cock,” Barry said. “You’ve got a damned nice cock there.”

Stan was at a temporary loss for words. What was he supposed to do now? Did he consent to let Barry suck his cock? Stan would have actually liked that. Or, did he play the dialogue a little further?

“Hit me,” Barry said, coming to Stan’s aid.

“Hit you?”

“Yeah. Say something butch, and then hit me. I won’t mind. Promise.”

“I couldn’t.”

“Come on, copper, let me suck on that big beautiful cock of yours.”

“Fucking pervert!” Stan said, surprised when his voice came out with a ring of genuine authority. “You fucking, goddamned, little pervert!”

Stan hit Barry with the palm of his opened hand. He hit him, because the role seemed to call for it just as clearly as if it had all been written into a script. A real cop would have hit him, hit the fucking little queer who thought for a minute Stan had brought him to this room to get cock sucked.

Still, Stan was a little shocked at what he’d done, actually afraid his blow might have hurt Barry. Stan was prepared to immediately apologize, but there was something in the expression on Barry’s face that told him not to.

Whether directly as a result of the blow or because he had reacted according to his own stage direction, Barry had stumbled to the bed. He looked at Stan now with a sense of hate and fear.

Stan read those signs of hate and fear, found himself excited by his recognition of them, really excited: even if all of this was a game like children played. But, they were not children. God, no! Not Stan. He’d not

been a child for a few years. Not Barry, even though Barry was only a very young man.

“You’re the fucking pervert, pig!” Barry said with real vehemence.

Handsome! God, Barry was handsome, sprawled there on the bed half naked, his cock evidently swollen in his cotton undershorts, his cheek red where Stan had slapped it.

Stan walked to the bed, looking down on Barry. Barry lay on his side, his hands locked behind him, the crotch of his undershorts tented over his erection.

Stan had a tremendous desire to run his fingers over Barry’s flesh and muscle. He imagined it smooth and warm beneath his fingertips.

“You aren’t fooling me,” Barry said. “You brought me up here to screw me. Look at that cock of yours: hard as a rock.”

“Screw you?” Stan asked. “Screw you? You think I’d want to get my cock all shitty up your asshole?”

Stan grabbed the waistband of Barry’s shorts and pulled. Like the break-away clothes worn by professional strippers, the elastic tore easily, followed by the flimsy material.

“Don’t fuck me,” Barry said. “Please don’t. You’re too fucking big!”

“You’d really like to get it up the ass, wouldn’t you, you little cocksucker?” Stan asked, giving another tug that shredded the underwear even further. “All you queers like that sort of thing, out wearing your skin-tight pants in order to turn on decent, law-abiding citizens.”

“You’ll rip me with that cock of yours,” Barry said, his voice sounding more like a whine. “Don’t hurt me. Please!”

“Rip you, my ass,” Stan said, knowing he was becoming excited by Barry’s exposed ass. “All you queers have been fucked so many times, you could take a house without flinching.

“There’s some Vaseline in the drawer there,” Barry said, nodding as best he could toward the bedside table. “You wouldn’t stick it in without greasing it up, would you?”

Stan wondered if Barry meant it, or if it was a suggestion that Stan should actually attempt a dry fuck. Games like this could get damned confusing. Stan was awfully big, there was no getting around that. Was there actually a chance he could rip Barry's ass?

"What makes you think I want to fuck your ass at all, you little pervert?" Stan asked, collapsing to his knees on the bed. The boots he wore were heavy.

"Please let me go," Barry pleaded. "Please."

"Beg, you little bastard," Stan said. "Beg all you fucking want; but, you're going to finally get your reward. Disgusting: the way you perverts flaunt your cocks and asses on the streets at night!"

"Please," Barry repeated again. He rolled to his back, his wrists pressed into the small of his back. The movement brought the swollen mass of his cock into view, still hidden beneath its tenting of shorts.

Stan pulled the underpants away from Barry's swollen cock. The material came away easily since the elastic waistband was torn and the shorts in the rear were ripped to shreds.

Stan looked down on the mass of swollen cock, his mouth growing dry with the mere sight of it. He'd seen Barry's cock before in the gym several times, but he'd never seen it deliciously swollen like this. What a handsome hunk of cock: large, bulky, veined, hard as a rock.

Stan couldn't help himself, he touched it, tentatively at first and then with a hard-fisted squeezing. His grip, at the cock base, drew upward along the hard inner core. The action milked the cock of juices.

Stan freed the cock, but not before he'd taken most of those juices on the palm of his hand. He immediately transferred them to his own cock, using them as lubricant.

"Roll over on your belly," Stan said, his voice sounding husky.

"Please, no," Barry begged.

"I said roll on your goddamned belly!" Stan commanded, slapping Barry's face. If Barry didn't mind getting slapped once, he surely wouldn't mind it again. Stan's slapping smeared preseminal juices over Barry's face.

“You’re too big,” Barry moaned. “You’re fucking too big.” But he obeyed, rolling to his belly, pressing his luscious hard cock into the bedspread.

Jesus, Stan was getting horny!

The sight of Barry’s tight young ass brought again into view certainly didn’t help matters any. The buns were so perfectly matched, so firm and rounded, a mere peek of silky hair visible as it ran along the inner curve of the anal crease.

Stan thrust his fingers into the crack running between the buns. He felt the sweaty heat of the boy’s body. His fuck finger located Barry’s pucker and pushed in to its first joint.

“Please,” Barry mumbled. “Please.”

“Go on, beg, you little bastard,” Stan said. He put his free hand to the handcuffs at Barry’s wrists and pushed upward, bringing both of Barry’s arms into hammer-lock positions. “But no matter how much you beg, it’s not going to do you any fucking good. When I’m through fucking that ass of yours, you’re not ever going to want cock buried up it again. You understand that, queer? You’re not going to want any cock up there ever, ever again!”

Stan straddled Barry on the bed. Reflected back from the mirrors hung on the wall, Stan could see the picture he presented. It no longer seemed ridiculous at all. Stan’s cock jutted large and bull-like from his lower belly, protruding through the shirt flaps. The cock was shiny with its lubricant.

“Don’t hurt me,” Barry said, his voice muffled as he spoke into the bedspread. “Please, don’t hurt me!”

“Quit bubbling like a baby,” Stan said. “You queers like getting fucked. I know that.”

“You’re too big,” Barry groaned.

“Not for your asshole,” Stan said, a sarcastic smirk curling his lips. “You’ll see. No matter how big I was, my prick wouldn’t be too big for an experienced little fruit like you.”

Stan grabbed his cock, forcing it down from its standing position. It was so hard, it felt as if it were going to break off as he pulled it down. He worked the top couple of inches along the butt crack, letting the cockhead search for the pucker. Several times he thought he had it, leaning his body forward to give his cock insertion, but there were a few false starts before he actually located the opening to the asshole.

Stan knew he was home free when he pushed and, instead of feeling any resistance, the corona of his cock was suddenly engulfed by the strangling snugness of Barry's asshole.

"Too big," Barry grunted. "Please, don't!"

Stan, his cock partially inserted, put his hands on Barry's shoulders. He then leaned his body out over Barry's back, his hips simultaneously thrusting his cock into the asshole. His cock pushed deep up the butt, penetrating quickly until Stan's belly pressed into Barry's ass, Stan's nuts squashing against the same.

"Oh, Jesus, fuck!" Barry moaned, wiggling sensuously beneath Stan's body like a fish out of water. Against his belly, Stan could feel the fists Barry had made with both hands, could feel the cold steel of the handcuffs which bound Barry's wrists.

So, this was how it felt to play games. Stan was excited more by the masquerade as a butch cop than he could have ever imagined. He certainly hadn't gotten this excited any of the times he'd tied someone up or been tied up by them.

Maybe his excitement this time was because he sensed he was dealing with a professional, someone who knew what he was doing. Stan was really the novice in this game, but he was learning. Jesus, yes, he was learning.

"See there," Stan said, his lips close to Barry's ear. "I'm all the way in, and you didn't rip, did you?"

"It hurts," Barry said, his voice sounding breathless and punctuated with what appeared to be real sobs. "Jesus, God, it hurts me!"

Hurting Barry or not, Stan was a long way from releasing the queer he had spiked on his hard cock. Stan jiggled his hips instead, attempting to

drive the last possible fractions of his cock up the boy's bowels. it was tight up that hole. Fuck, it was tight.

Stan raised his hips, drawing his cock out. The pleasure from the friction of flesh against flesh was overpowering. Stan gritted his teeth in an effort to bear it. For a brief instant, he thought he was going to ejaculate right then, blow his wad with no further preliminaries.

Christ, no! Please, no. It was too good to be aborted just at the beginning. What a waste. What a shame it would be to orgasm now.

Stan shut his eyes, tried momentarily to fight down his urge to climax. He was about to give up the battle when the feeling passed: not the pleasure, just the feeling of immediate eruption. Stan breathed a sigh of relief, waited a couple of seconds, and then rammed his fat cock back up Barry's butt.

Barry growled in seeming pain, his body bucking beneath Stan. However, his thrashing only increased Stan's pleasure, the jerkings stirring Stan's cock.

Barry's apparent discomfort only spurred Stan on to perform more brutal fucking strokes. He was suddenly the cop punishing the queer. He was seeking vengeance on all the silly faggots in the world who flaunted their big cocks and tight young asses in front of decent people. Well, here was one little fruit who'd think twice the next time he ever decided to go out cruising to pick up someone to suck cock or fuck ass.

Stan was really prepared to make this bastard pay. Stan's cock was no longer a cock as far as he was concerned. It was a wooden billy club thrust up this homosexual's ass, beating the kid's bowels to mush, beating the kid senseless in its tuck.

Again Stan jabbed his cock up Barry's ass, grinding his hairy belly into Barry's ass-cheeks, revolving his hips to stir his cock up the depths of that asshole. He pulled the cock out to its head, rammed it home again. Stan's cock coasted in to its balls, hitting Barry's prostate as it did so. The cockhead was followed by inch after inch of hot, hard shaft.

Fuck, it was something else being buried up this butt. Stan didn't know when he'd ever felt this excited during any of his previous sexual encounters. He was high, sexually high. And he was going even higher yet.



He pulled his cock almost free of the asshole. He shivered. He jabbed his cock home again, feeling the asshole collapsing inward along his entering cock.

Stan was beginning to sweat. As he pounded his cock up Barry's body, Stan's chest seemed to stick to Barry's back, his belly sticking to Barry's butt. Stan's hands had moved to Barry's hips, holding to the bones to keep Barry's body still with each withdrawal or shove of his working cock.

Stan's scrotum was contracting, jerking upward. His cock was beginning to go wild in its brutal pumping of Barry's ass.

Stan's chest heaved with his efforts. There was sweat on his forehead that was now beginning to drip into his eyes. There was a sensuous aching in the pit of his belly, echoed by a drawing tightness in his chest and throat. Still, he continued to fuck his cock inside of Barry's battered butt.

Seen reflected in the mirrors on the wall, Stan's tucking had a certain animalistic vigor and butchness about it. Stan's ass was glossy with sweat.

Stan screwed onward, enjoying as always the push and the pull of his cock up Barry's rectum. He rolled his hips as he tucked, continually stirring his cock at the same time he was placing and withdrawing his cock up the butt.

Stan rode Barry's buttocks, his breathing becoming more erratic as he moved his fucking rhythm into higher gear.

The bed sagged beneath them, the springs creaking with the movements of the tuckers who were bouncing atop the mattress and blankets.

"I'm going to fuck you, queer!" Stan grunted, pounding his fat cock up Barry's ravaged asshole.

"I'm going to screw you... screw you good... cocksucker! Hump the shit out of you! Jab it to you! Ride you... you... Jesus fucking... pervert!"

Stan's guts let loose. Stan buried his face into Barry's neck, grunting out his pleasure along with a thin drooling of spit as his hips continued to grind away.

Thick sperm blasted up Barry's butt, flooding the asshole and smothering the fucking cock with the additional lubricant. Much of the

sperm was sucked free of the asshole. The opaque liquid formed a halo around the roots of Stan's cock, stuck to Stan's pubic hair.

With one final low and guttural groan, Stan buried his cock one final time up Barry's asshole.

He collapsed on Barry, his whole body feeling as if it were drained of everything, had become nothing but an empty shell.

Stan fought for breath, his chest heaving in erratic gasps for air. For the first time in ages, he had thoughts of Barry as other than some little cocksucker a cop had picked up on the streets. Stan had been fucking like an animal. He realized that now. He'd actually been out of control for minutes at a time. For the first time in his life, Stan had been aware that fantasy and reality could be merged. It was somehow a frightening realization.

"Are you all right?" Stan asked finally, suddenly afraid that he might have hurt Barry.

Barry groaned something into the bedspread.

Stan pulled his cock free of Barry's ass, bringing with it a flooding of his spent cum. He dismounted Barry and crawled off the bed. He realized he was actually trembling. He could hardly stand. He held to the edge of the bed for support.

Barry still hadn't moved.

"Barry?"

Barry rolled to his side and then came to a cross-legged sitting position on the bed. He left behind him a circle of his own erupted sperm on the bedspread. His cock, still erected at his belly, was sopped with some of the mess that hadn't been smeared on the bed.

"See, that wasn't hard, was it, stud?" Barry asked, grinning.

"I thought I might have hurt you," Stan said, feeling ridiculous in saying it now that Barry was obviously all right.

"I know," Barry said. "That's all part of the game, isn't it?"

Barry ran his hand through his hair, freeing his eyes of the low-hanging tangle of silken strands. For some reason, the action seemed out of place under the circumstances. Suddenly, Stan realized why.

“The handcuffs?” Stan asked.

Barry had been handcuffed. His wrists should still have been anchored securely behind his back.

“These you mean?” Barry asked. He brought his left arm around from behind him. The handcuffs weren’t on any wrist. Barry held them loosely in his left hand. “They’re a trick set. The kind magicians use. You can get out of them any time.”

“You weren’t really handcuffed then?” Stan asked, stating the obvious in the same breath.

“That didn’t make your sex any the less intense, did it?” Barry countered. “You couldn’t very well blame me for my little deception. After all, this was our first time together.”

“You’re right of course,” Stan said. He’d thought Barry’s wrists had been secured, and that thinking of it had been all that had mattered. Finding out differently now was only after the fact. When he’d blown his wad into Barry’s body, Stan had been fucking a helpless victim.

Now, finding Barry had been no victim at all, had actually been an active participant, made no difference at all. Stan had enjoyed his sex with Barry more than he had ever enjoyed sex with anyone.

“And there will be other times for us, won’t there, Stan?” Barry asked, knowing the answer.

“Yes,” Stan said. “Christ, yes.”

Stan was more than anxious for more.

## CHAPTER TEN

So, here it was, after all: the one moment David had hoped to avoid. He was boxed in, put into a corner. He had to make his decision now.

One, he could act shocked, gather Jimmy up and spirit him home while acting the part of an indignant father.

Two, he could admit to himself and to Stellan that he wasn't the ignorant father he appeared, any more than he had been the ignorant roommate during those college days. To decide upon the first would have certainly been the easier, but was that actually the better solution? And David did really want the best for Jimmy. David didn't want his son to come through all of this as screwed up as his father was.

Stellan accepted David's silence, wondering how he would have taken it as a young father who was told his son was possibly homosexual. Oh, Stellan had glossed it over a bit, said something about every young kid experimenting in that sort of thing at one time or another in his life, even admitting that it probably wasn't even Jimmy's fault. He was young and attractive, after all, fair game for young men who liked boys.

Stellan had not mentioned any names, not even said that something physical had actually happened. It had just been something Stellan had felt, if David knew what he meant, and he thought it best to bring it to his friend's attention before it could develop into something more serious.

In fact, Stellan had thought a good deal about telling David this story, and he certainly felt like shit doing it; but, it seemed the best alternative.

Frankly, Stellan had found himself dangerously near to taking advantage of Jimmy himself, especially since he'd seen the kid was definitely into the overt homosexual scene with Stan. However, Stellan did feel some type of moral responsibility to David. David, after all, had put Jimmy in Stellan's hands for safekeeping and, like a teacher who felt obligated not to seduce any of his students, Stellan felt obligated to keep his hands off Jimmy.

Stellan knew from his own painful early experiences that Jimmy would probably keep right on fucking boys and being fucked by them in turn. It,

therefore, wasn't actually so much that Stellan wanted Jimmy away from the gym for the boy's own good as much as for Stellan's own well being. Stellan was just becoming too fucking tempted by the boy's presence. If he didn't get Jimmy removed, Stellan knew enough about himself to suspect he would eventually succumb to temptation. As he had valued David's friendship in college too much to seduce him, Stellan still thought enough of that friendship not to seduce David's son. He was, therefore, not actually prepared for what David said next.

"I knew he was gay when I asked you to take him on," David said, looking not at Stellan but at the pictures on the office wall.

"What?" Stellan asked. He'd actually thought he'd misheard.

"I'd known for a long time," David said. "And don't ask me how I knew, because I never actually caught him at it or that kind of thing. But I could sense it as a father, and I was actually worried sick that it would screw him up mentally. I didn't want him fumbling around in the dark, making all sorts of mistakes. I thought I could find him a teacher, someone to ease him along, show him that being gay didn't necessarily mean you had to end up a frustrated basket case. When he came out and asked for me to get him a job here, I thought that would be an ideal solution to my predicament."

"You sent him to me?" Stellan asked, unbelieving the insinuation.

"Did you actually think I never knew you were gay?" David asked. It was all coming out so easily now, he wondered why he'd so long tried to avoid this moment. "I knew almost from the beginning, used to envy you for your easy manner of adjusting to it. You always seemed so carefree about it, as if it could possibly be nobody's business but your own. Oh, you certainly never flaunted it, that's for sure. But you didn't go to any real lengths to hide it from anyone either—except from me."

There was an embarrassed silence which David knew would have to be quickly filled. Now that he'd started to get it all off his conscience, it would be pointless to do things half-assed. All of this needed airing.

"How I used to envy you," David continued, his eyes still on the pictures on the wall. "I was also jealous because I couldn't handle my own feelings as well as you could."

“You?” Stellan asked; and, David laughed lightly.

“Now that does surprise you, does it?” David asked. “Did you never think your roommate had thoughts about how it might be? Here I was sleeping in the same room with one of the best known gay studs on campus, and I wasn’t even getting any. For a while it used to make me absolutely paranoid that you never seemed interested in me sexually.”

“Not interested? Christ, why didn’t you ever say anything?”

“Come now, Stellan,” David chided, his eyes momentarily focusing on Stellan. David’s eyes flickered quickly away. “Could you think I’d risk a rejection when I was already so insecure?”

“Oh, fuck,” Stellan breathed, saddened at the loss of time, the waste of years. “If I’d only known, I’d been in your pants in seconds.”

And that made David feel suddenly very, very depressed. How could the two have been so fucking close and still not been able to convey to one another that they wanted each other? Christ, but two strangers in a gay bar could convey something so simple within seconds. So, why not them? Perhaps they’d just been too close. Perhaps they’d seen the want and the need but had refused to recognize it for what it was.

“I would have probably panicked anyway if you’d made any moves,” David said, wondering if that were really true. How many times had he thought about it in the past, wondered if he could have handled his dream-come-true? “I would have panicked and inadvertently ruined what we did have together, what we still have together. I’m afraid I just never had what it took to come out of my closet and be a liberated gay. I’m not too sure I have it yet or will ever have it. But I’m not here to discuss my hang-ups. I’m here about Jimmy.”

“You thought I’d seduce your son when I didn’t have the guts to seduce you?” Stelian asked, unbelieving.

“He’s far more attractive than I am or ever was,” David said. “He’s also less uptight in many, many ways. I thought maybe the magic would just somehow happen. That I would never really know for sure, but I would be content with my suspicions anyway. I did want Jimmy to come out of this with the capacity for adjustment and enjoyment that you always had. I’d rest more content knowing that I’d helped him in my own small way. He

thinks I'm such a strait-laced square. He'd be surprised to all hell if he only knew half the truth about me."

"And your wife? How much of all this does Mario know?"

"To Mario, the world of any man, her husband and son included, revolves around a woman's cunt. Besides, I've never really given her any cause to suspect. There was only one man in my life who..."

David's voice tapered off. He didn't finish the sentence. He didn't have to. He didn't want to look at Stellan, but he did. All that pain came flooding back through him as he knew it would. He fought for control. He forced himself to keep looking at Stellan's handsome face.

"So, what do we do now?" Stellan asked finally. He couldn't get over wondering how different it might all have been if...

"It's up to you, isn't it?" David asked. "I can take Jimmy or I can leave him."

Christ, why hadn't Stellan just gone ahead and seduced Jimmy as he'd had an inclination to do? Why had he forced all of this out into the open? He'd attempted to keep intact a friendship only to find that that friendship might have evolved into something more. Something he knew, even now, he had desperately wanted.

"And you?" Stellan asked. "What about you?"

"Me?" David asked, wondering what it would be like to lie naked next to Stellan in a bed, do with this man all those things they did in those gay movies he sometimes watched in those sordid little theaters. "For me, it's way too late, was probably way too late when we first met. But I don't want it to be too late for Jimmy. Will you help me help him?"

David stood up. He wanted to leave, to get away. He always wanted to run when it felt close. It? It: that thing in his guts, that yearning he used to get whenever Stellan would enter the room, whenever Stellan would walk around with nothing on but a jockstrap or skimpy pair of shorts. That same it that had gripped David's body, later making him desperately ill, when he'd been blatantly confronted with that kid's huge and hard cock in the filthy restroom of that gay movie theater.

David felt it in his belly now, churning, eating, threatening to devour him from the inside out. It was so powerful at this particular moment, because David knew all he had to do was make the first move. All he had to do was say, please take me, please show me what it's all about, please let me see what I'm missing that even my son has the good sense enough to experience.

Or was he only fooling himself? He was a man now, older, not as good-looking as he'd once been, not as athletic, not many things he'd once been. Wasn't he disillusioning himself in thinking Stellan would even be interested in him now? Even if it were true that Stellan would have gone to bed with him in college, this wasn't college, was it? He had a wife. He had a son. Stellan had a whole stable of muscular young men to choose from, including his own son. What would he want now with him?

"I'd like a little time with Jimmy," Stellan said. "Maybe the next two or three days. Could you clear it with Mario without making her too curious?"

"She's wanted us to have a little free time to ourselves without Jimmy around for a long time," David said. "I'm sure she wouldn't mind."

"I'll see what I can do then," Stellan said, standing. "I can't guarantee anything, though, David. Things like this have to be taken care of eventually within every person's own mind."

"Don't I know it?" David said with a sad little grin. He turned and walked to the door, turning once more before he exited to say thanks. And then he was gone.

He was gone, and Stellan found himself wondering why he hadn't stopped him, why he hadn't gone to him, taken him in his arms and kissed him.

Why?

Because, even now, Stellan couldn't face the prospect of rejection by David. After all these years, he feared he could spoil everything by turning on to his friend. Did David really want Stellan when they were in college, or was that just a story made up so that Stellan would now help Jimmy adjust to the kid's homosexuality?



Stellan would never know. In a way, he wished he'd had the guts to take the action his cock had told him was the right one.

**THE END**